THE PLACID MAN:

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF

Sir Charles Beville.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Facile omnes perferre ac pati. TERENT.

LONDON:
Printed for J. WILKIE, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.
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MEMOIRS

OF

Sir CHARLES BEVILLE.

CHAP. I.

Matter Introductory.

THERE is no knowledge in ſearch of which people in general are more eager, than that of what others have been doing in the world. What a man has been doing himſelf is, generally ſpeaking, what he leaſts troubles his head about; the number of thoſe who have done any thing worth recollecting bears ſo ſmall a proportion to thoſe who would wiſh to forget every thing they ever did in their lives, that the generality of us are in this reſpect very ready to take *Stephano*'s advice, and "every man ſhift "for all the reſt, whilſt no man takes care for "himſelf." Upon this account it is, that biographers in general have more diſciples than

any other ſet of writers, and the biographers of imaginary heroes more than any other ſet of biographers. It is not, therefore, without a little pride of heart, that I ſet out as an hiſtorian, upon a plan which will inſure me ten times the number of readers that Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Hume, Mr. Robinſon, or even Dr. Smollett, now he has forſaken the flowery paths of imagination, for the barren ones of matter of fact, can pretend to. I am well aware, that their readers will affect to hold mine exceedingly cheap, and remind me and my diſciples of the lioneſs in the fable; who, when ſhe was reproached by the fox with bringing forth but one whelp at a time, replied, *but that one is a lion.*—But let not their readers be too ſure that they are always of an higher claſs than mine, and that they are always better employed. Whoever reads, merely with a view to his own amuſement, or, in other words, with the intention of making his time paſs away with more eaſe and happineſs to himſelf, may, as well, if it anſwers the ſame end, read the Hiſtory of Sir Charles Beville, as that of Henry the Second, or any other hero of renown: and even for thoſe who read with a view to improvement, as it is called, I am not ſure whether the hiſtory of what did really happen, conſidering the different lights in which different hiſtorians repreſent it, is more

likely

likely to make them a bit wiſer, or a bit better, than the hiſtory of what might have happened. Let not, therefore, the readers of hiſtories of this kind be aſhamed of their employment: whatever affords a ſubject for reflection, muſt have its uſe, in ſome way or other; and as theſe pieces of hiſtory are generally addreſſed more to the heart than to the head, they have, poſſibly, a fairer chance for influencing the conduct than any other. The account of a generous action, may raiſe a warmth in the heart, very likely to incite to the doing one; the ſympathetic tenderneſs which may ariſe in the breaſt from the hiſtory of a feigned diſtreſs, may open the heart to an attention to real miſery; and even the tranſcient ſatisfaction of a laugh at innocent mirth, may ſpread a vein of good-humour through the mind, which the wife, the huſband, the friend, the ſervant of the reader, may find the good effects of, all the remainder of the day. In theſe reſpects, a hiſtory of this kind, which turns upon the more minute parts of the œconomy of human life, may poſſibly, with reverence be it ſpoken, have the advantage of all other hiſtories. The great actions of great ſtateſmen, or great heroes, upon which the revolutions of ſtates depend, are not very likely either to excite the curioſity, or influence the conduct of private

people: but the propriety and rectitude of a man's conduct, who is converſant only in the common occurrences of life, and which are moſt conſpicuous in little actions, every man is willing to contemplate, and able to imitate; and in this reſpect theſe hiſtories may certainly have their uſe.—Thus much, therefore, I have ventured to ſay in behalf of the kind of work I am engaged in; by way of apology for thoſe who may chuſe to read it, and poſſibly for myſelf who have choſen to write it. With regard to the thing itſelf, I ſhall here ſay little or nothing. The reader will, by the help of his own ſagacity, diſcover whether there are any merits in it; and by the help of his own knowledge in criticiſm, whether there are any faults. One thing only I will venture to premiſe, leſt he ſhould hit upon it, and value himſelf upon the diſcovery; and that is, that the generality of biographers in this way, myſelf amongſt the reſt, ſeem to think, that when once a man is what is called ſettled in life, he has no farther actions worth recording; for which reaſon, as ſoon as ever they have married their hero, they leave him to himſelf. What can be the meaning of this conduct, though I have given into it myſelf, I cannot tell; whether the marriage-ſtate is ſo uniformly happy and even, that an account of it would be ſurfeiting; or whether

it

it is ſo calm and barren of events as to run the riſque of being dull in the detail, I cannot tell; but I ſuppoſe, by ſome of the great maſters having fairly waſhed their hands of their hero as ſoon as they have brought him to that cataſtrophe, there muſt be ſome good reaſon for it: I have, therefore, blindly followed their lead, and, for that reaſon, have not called mine a Hiſtory of a life, but only Memoirs of ſome years of a life. This being premiſed, I ſhall not detain the reader any longer from the hiſtory, ſuch as it is: I heartily wiſh him well through it, and only beg leave to recommend to him to take one line of Mr. Pope's in his hand as he goes along,

"Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can."

CHAP. II.

Some Account of the Hero's Family.

IN one of the inland counties of this kingdom lived Sir George Beville: a baronet of as ancient a family as moſt in England, and many of whoſe anceſtors, by what I have at times gleaned from Sir George's converſation upon this ſubject, a ſubject, by the way,

upon which he was ſeldom averſe to expatiating upon, would have made a much more reſpectable figure in hiſtory than our hero can pretend to, had they been ſo fortunate as to have met with an hiſtorian able and willing to have put their actions into a proper dreſs for being tranſmitted to poſterity. But that was not their fate; which was no ſmall mortification to Sir George, who often lamented it in very pathetic terms. And, indeed, the obſcurity in which the many great actions of his anceſtors lay buried, recorded in no chronicle but that of his own daily harangues, was one principal reaſon why Sir George determined to ſpend the greateſt part of his own life in a retired way upon his eſtate in the country, rather than mix in the more active ſcenes of life; as he was ſure, by confining his good deeds to the circle of his own tenants and neighbours, to have all due honour paid to them, and his labours not loſt by being thrown away upon an ungrateful public.

At the time this hiſtory chooſes to ſet out, Sir George was in his fiftieth year; and tho' he had, at the age of forty, married a lady much younger than himſelf, he had never been bleſſed with any children: a circumſtance which would frequently break in upon his quiet, and make him very unhappy in ſpite of all his philoſophy, of which he poſ-

ſeſſed

ſeſſed a great deal, and boaſted a great deal more. Lady Beville, whoſe amiable character, in every branch of female excellence, might afford the fineſt field for panegyric that can be imagined, if that was a kind of writing which gave any pleaſure either to writer or reader, did every thing in her power to alleviate this only uneaſineſs which Sir George had to ſtruggle with, but to little purpoſe. Every day which ſeemed to increaſe the improbability of the cauſe being removed, gave freſh ſtrength to his complaint; till by degrees the improvement of his houſe and its environs, which uſed to take up the greateſt part of his time, and every other thing which uſed to give him ſatisfaction, loſt their attractions every year more and more; every plan was entered upon without vigour, and finiſhed, if it was finiſhed, without ſatisfaction. Even his field ſports were neglected; the preſervation of the game ſeemed no longer an affair of conſequence; the foxes reſted quietly in their earths, the game-keepers guns were ruſty, poachers increaſed, and even the park hares travelled to London in the higler's cart. In ſhort, his mind was ſo oppreſſed by the uneaſy reflection of having nobody to ſucceed him, that he ſeemed almoſt careleſs whether he left any thing behind him worth ſucceeding to.

About this period Mr. John Beville, a brother of Sir George, arrived in England from the Weſt-Indies, where he had been ſtationed ſome years, as governor of one of the leeward iſlands. He immediately waited on Sir George at the hall, and the two brothers, who had not met for many years, received a ſincere pleaſure from the meeting. Sir George, whoſe deſpair of having any children made him look upon Mr. Beville as his undoubted heir, received him with great openneſs, and offered him his houſe in ſo earneſt a manner, that Mr. Beville, though with ſome reluctance, at length was obliged to conſent to live chiefly with him. Mr. Beville was about eight years younger than the baronet, and having lived a batchelor to that time, had contracted ſome peculiarities natural to a ſtate of celibacy in either ſex, which he was under ſome apprehenſions of not being able to indulge with ſo little reſtraint in Sir George's family, as in a houſe of his own: but as he had barely ſaved enough from his government to enable him to live eaſily, the proſpect of ſucceeding to the eſtate, and the fear of offending his brother, eaſily got the better of his ſcruples. But, alas! he did not know Sir George; he was the eaſieſt man in the world to live with; quiet attention to his harrangues upon the affairs of his family, was the greateſt compliance he expected,

and

and in that reſpect his brother, whoſe concerns had chiefly centered in himſelf, was ſo much a ſtranger, that he was likely to be, not only a paſſive, but even a delighted auditor of his anecdotes relating to his anceſtors, who were a ſet of gentry with whom he was very little acquainted.

The firſt weeks after Mr. Beville's arrival were taken up in ſhewing him the ſituation of every part of the eſtate, which had undergone ſo many changes ſince he left the kingdom, that every thing was in a manner new to him. Indeed he had ſeen very little of England from his childhood, for the early part of his life had been ſpent in the ſea-ſervice of his country; a ſervice which was not at all adapted to the natural indolence of his diſpoſition. Sir George's intereſt in the county where his eſtate lay, had recommended his brother to the notice of the member, by whoſe intereſt with the miniſter, he procured his government juſt as the concluſion of a peace with France had cauſed his ſhip to be laid up, and himſelf reduced to half-pay. A twelve years reſidence in a warm climate had not a little conduced to the increaſing his natural indolence, and a conſtant indulgence of himſelf in a country and ſtation abounding with every ſpecies of indolent luxury, had rendered many things neceſſary to him, which others, at leaſt, thought

indifferent, if they did not deſpiſe: but he enjoyed a natural good temper, which made him feel himſelf happy when he really was ſo, and which went a great way towards making him ſo; and let me tell you, reader, that is far from being the caſe with every man: how few complaints ſhould we hear, if every body was to reſolve to be as happy as he could, and never to complain without reaſon. Lay your hand upon your heart, reader, and aſk yourſelf ſeriouſly, whether, for one real misfortune, you have not grieved for ten imaginary ones, all through your life?

CHAP. III.

A Marriage propoſed, and prevented by an Accident.

SIR George found ſo much comfort in the converſation of his brother, or rather, indeed, ſo much pleaſure in talking to him, that he began to reſume his natural good humour, and to follow his amuſements with his uſual gaiety; and Lady Beville, who ſaw the happy effect which the governor's company had upon her huſband, contrived to make every thing ſo agreeable to him, by never canvaſſing the

the reaſon or fitneſs of any of his peculiarities, that never were three people happier in each other.—Sir George, in a little time, had contracted ſo ſincere a friendſhip for his brother, that he had almoſt perſuaded himſelf to think a child would have only increaſed his trouble, and put it out of his power to make his brother ſo happy as he wiſhed, by unavoidably diſappointing him in his views of ſucceeding him, which he had actually promiſed him that he ſhould, and which Mr. Beville, by the great care he took of himſelf, ſeemed not a little determined to do, as well as, by the great alacrity with which he entered into any ſcheme for the improvement of the eſtate, to have no ſmall pleaſure in the proſpect of.

One day, after dinner, when Sir George had juſt finiſhed his firſt pipe, and the hiſtory of his grandfather's canvaſs for knight of the ſhire againſt Lord Bumper, which uſually concluded together, he turned ſhort round to the governor, and catching faſt hold of his button (a cuſtom which he, in common with all long talkers who have ſome reaſon to fear being deſerted by their audience if they have not ſome ſtronger tie upon them than their diſcourſe, was very ſubject to) aſked him with ſome earneſtneſs how old he was? The governor, who well knew, that whatever his perſon was, his thoughts were free, and had

therefore fixed his attention, during the greateſt part of his brother's harangue, not upon his grand-father, but upon an adjoining farm, which had been offered to Sir George the day before, and which he wanted to perſuade him lay very convenient for his eſtate, was a little ſtaggered with the queſtion, and was upon the point of pulling out his watch, ſuppoſing the baronet had aſked him the time of the day; but upon his repeating the queſtion, he endeavoured to recollect his age, and ſucceeded within a year or two; but it was one of the very few things in which he was not very exact. Indeed I have obſerved, that whenever a man or a woman, particularly if they are ſingle, are turned of forty, they are ſeldom nice about a year or two, provided only that the miſtake, if there is one, be on the right ſide. "Forty-two."—"Forty-two," ſaid the baronet. "I think, brother, I think (with a great ſigh, in ſpite of philoſophy, or brotherly love) I may now deſpair of having any children, and as you are the next heir to all I have, I could wiſh you would think of marrying; for if you die alſo without children, all the eſtate will go to another branch of the family with whom we have no connection, and all our pains will be for the advantage of ſtrangers." The governor received the propoſal with no great pleaſure;

pleaſure; not that he had any averſion to the ſex, on the contrary he was rather reckoned what is called a man of gallantry; but I do not know how it was, the idea of marrying had never entered into his head; whether it was that he was ſo much taken up with the contemplation of the eſtate, as to have no leiſure to think of any thing elſe; or whether he had ſo ſmall an acquaintance with the ladies of England, as to have no temptation to an engagement of that kind, I cannot tell; but certain it is, that till the inſtant his brother mentioned it to him, he never had the leaſt thought of matrimony. It was, therefore, no wonder he heſitated a good deal in his anſwer; but his brother, who had ſo great an averſion to diſtreſſing any one, that if he was diſputing with a weak antagoniſt, he would more frequently help him to an anſwer againſt himſelf, than triumph over him for wanting one, relieved him at once, by ſaying, "Nay, "I only mention it on your account, if "you have any objection, I have done, I have "done." The governor, by this time a little recovered from his ſurprize, told him, that it was a ſubject which he had never thought upon, and begged a little time to conſider of it; aſking at the ſame time, whether he had any particular perſon in his thoughts. Sir George aſſured him he had not at that time;

time; "but," ſaid he, (I am afraid he had not a very high idea of the delicacy of the ſex upon the ſubject of matrimony) "if you "are inclined to marry, women are eaſily "found; you will have a good eſtate; and as "to Lady Beville, I have taken ſuch care of "her, that ſhe will be no incumbrance to you "or your family."

When the governor retired to his evening walk, he began to reflect ſeriouſly upon Sir George's propoſal: many were the arguments on both ſides of the queſtion which aroſe in his mind, and much perplexed was he by the debate; for amongſt all his qualities, that of a clear head, which can draw up long arguments upon both ſides of a queſtion, ſtate them in due form, and calculate the exact ballance between them, was by no means to be found: for which reaſon, when matters of moment occurred to him, he went a ſure way to work, and, by the help of his pocket-book, made a kind of memoria technica, by the help of which he reaſoned with perhaps at leaſt as much certainty, though not with ſo much readineſs, as he could have done by that which was given him by nature. To this method then he had recourſe upon this occaſion, and having written down, and well examined, all that occurred to him on both ſides of the queſtion, upon caſting up the account,

count, he found it amount to a reſolution of marrying, but not immediately. As there are ſome people with whom once to be in doubt is to have reſolved, and once to have reſolved is to have executed; ſo there are others, who doubt even after they think they have reſolved, and reſolve without ever executing. Governor Beville was one of the latter; and Sir George, generally ſpeaking, one of the former.

As ſoon, therefore, as the governor came in from his walk, Sir George addreſſed him with, "Well, brother, have you thought of "my propoſal?" "I have," ſaid the governor, "and as far as I can at preſent judge, "I think it may be a ſcheme which I ſhall "have no great objection to; but it is a "thing which one ought to conſider of "pretty ſeriouſly." "I thought," replied Sir George, "that you told me you had "conſidered of it. For my part, I think "there are but two things to be conſidered "of; one is, whether you ſhall marry or "not, the other is, whom you ſhall marry. "The firſt you ſay you have determined "upon, and as to the other, I have been "thinking ſince you went out, and I have "pitched upon a lady, whom I think, if "you have no attachment elſewhere, you "cannot diſlike." He then named the daughter

of

of a gentleman in the neighbourhood whom the governor had never ſeen, but whoſe character he was well acquainted with: "At "leaſt," continued Sir George, "you can "have no objection to going to ſee her." Though the governor did not greatly approve this rapid way of proceeding, he could not reaſonably object to the latter part of the propoſal; a ſervant, therefore, was diſpatched to let the gentleman know, that Sir George's family would dine with him the day but one following. Things were in this ſituation, when Lady Beville put a ſtop on a ſudden to theſe proceedings, by declaring herſelf with child, and that her phyſician was even of opinion that ſhe was ſome months advanced in her pregnancy. The joy with which Sir George received this intelligence could be equalled by nothing, unleſs it was the inward confuſion of the governor. I ſay *inward*, for he took all the pains he could to hide it from Sir George; and, indeed, ſucceeded ſo well, as to have all the appearance of partaking of the general joy which reigned throughout the family.

The gentlemen, however, made the intended viſit, though without any intention of proſecuting the ſcheme which had been the foundation of it: and the governor had ſome little alleviation of his uneaſineſs in finding

that

that the lady, notwithſtanding his brother's opinion, was ſuch as he ſhould have had a very great objection to marrying; for ſhe had an underſtanding far ſuperior to his own, a fault very ſeldom got over, and ſuch a vein of pleaſantry, which he called ſatire, as with his peculiarities would have made him ridiculouſly unhappy.

CHAP. IV.

The Birth of a Son; and other Matters of importance.

GREAT were the anxieties of both the brothers during the pregnancy of Lady Beville, though from very different motives. Sir George, whoſe philoſophy and love for his brother had ſo long rode triumphant, that he had almoſt forgot his longings for an heir; or rather, whoſe deſpair of ever having one, had made him ſearch for reaſons why he ſhould not wiſh for it; no ſooner ſaw his hopes revived, than he found all his old deſires and proſpects of happineſs croud in upon him a-new with redoubled force. And ſuch was his joy upon the occaſion, ſo full was his heart with the proſpects now opening upon him, that it never once occurred to him, that poſſibly

poſſibly his brother might ſee the affair in a different light. And this blindneſs of his to every thing but what paſſed in his own mind, was of ſingular uſe to the governor, who would otherwiſe, with all his caution, have been much perplexed to have avoided betraying ſome glimpſe of his real ſentiments. It is probable, however, that the baronet had never diſcovered his ſecret, had it not accidentally come into his head, amongſt other conſiderations for the improvement of his eſtate, which was now become more than ever his favourite object, that it was a long time ſince the governor had ſaid any thing to him of the farm about which he had been ſo earneſt before this change of affairs. People who are long before they ſee a thing, when once it ſtrikes them, ſee it in the ſtrongeſt light. From that moment Sir George began to recollect the behaviour of his brother, and every circumſtance concurred to convince him that he could not but look upon Lady Beville's pregnancy as a circumſtance which, whatever joy it might give to others, muſt to him be a bar to all his hopes. What was to be done? A delicate mind has other conſiderations to ſatisfy than thoſe of juſtice. Sir George had undoubtedly given him reaſon to expect to be his heir, conditionally indeed; but ſtill he had room to hope it, and to be mortified at the

the diſappointment. It was not in Sir George's nature to give pain without feeling it; he, therefore determined immediately to make his brother all the ſatisfaction in his power for the diſappointment he had innocently occaſioned him, and accordingly executed his determination in ſuch a manner as the governor either was or ought to have been amply ſatisfied with. And indeed by the chearfulneſs of his behaviour he ſeemed perfectly happy in his ſituation, and could enter without conſtraint into the ſeveral plans which the baronet amuſed himſelf and him with for the future management of the child which Lady Beville was now every day expected to bring forth.

Sir George's heart it may be eaſily imagined was ſet upon having a boy; and the only perplexity with which the governor ever ventured to interrupt his long harangues upon the education and management of his future heir, was by now and then throwing in, "but ſup-"poſe it ſhould be a girl;" a ſuppoſition which ſeldom failed to change the ſubject; for as Sir George could not deny the probability of it, ſo neither could he bring himſelf to reliſh it well enough to talk upon it. At length, the long expected time arrived; Lady Belville was taken ill, and Sir George and the governor ſuffered ſome hours of more painful anxiety

iety in the library, waiting for the arrival of the happy news, than I hope you, reader, ever did, or may experience: for nothing but the anxiety of a criminal, during thoſe awful moments when the gentlemen of the jury are laying their heads together, ever came up to it.

They ſat on each ſide of the fire, with their eyes fixed to the ground, except when the ruſtling of petticoats coming down ſtairs, or a haſty tread of a foot near the door, turned them on each other. Hark! No! were all the words which were uttered, and the pulling out of one watch, as the time began to grow tedious, was the repeated ſignal for pulling out the other. At length the door opened, and the houſe-keeper preſented herſelf in tears. "Is "your lady delivered!" iſſued from each mouth at the ſame inſtant, and with ſo much vehemence, that both mouths were left unſhut after the utterance. "Yes, Sir," replied the houſe-keeper, "of a fine boy, "but—" "Thank God, thank God," the baronet kept repeating for ſome time, and the governor was the firſt who took any notice of the *but* at the cloſe of the ſpeech, and inquired after the health of the lady: not that Sir George was in the leaſt wanting in affection for his wife, on the contrary, never was there a fonder huſband; but the completion of all his wiſhes,

wiſhes, and the abſolute downfall of his brother's ſuppoſition, had for a minute taken ſuch poſſeſſion of his whole ſoul, as to leave no room for any other conſideration. The heſitation with which the houſe-keeper appeared to begin her anſwer to the governor's queſtion, was the firſt thing that awakened his attention to his wife, and alarmed his fears for her ſafety; and then a rapid penetration, which, as an ingenious moraliſt obſerves, gives one the idea of prophecy, made him conſtrue the looks of the houſe-keeper into an affirmation of her being in danger. Indeed he was ſeldom wrong in his conjectures, the truth of which the houſe-keeper now confirmed: for indeed the ſame inſtant in which his ſon was born, his beloved and amiable wife breathed her laſt in the arms of thoſe perſons who ſupported her, and he was thus doomed to purchaſe his greateſt bleſſing at the price of every thing which till that moment he had held moſt dear to him. Sir George was a man of warm paſſions, eaſily and ſtrongly affected; the governor, therefore, had great reaſon to expect, as he did, all the frantic indications of miſery, natural to a temper almoſt too violently attentive to its own happineſs; but his expectations, however natural, were diſappointed: never was a ſtronger inſtance of the *ingentes ſtupent*, than Sir George. He fell back

back into the chair from whence he had riſen in his impatience for the news, and remained without ſenſe or motion in ſo fixed a ſituation, that there was great reaſon to be apprehenſive for his brain. Nothing ſeemed to awaken his attention, nothing rouſed him. In this ſtate he remained ſome hours, either not hearing or not attending to all the tender applications of his brother and the ſervants about him. At length a ſigh, which ſeemed almoſt to burſt his breaſt, made way for a copious flood of tears, which a little relieved him. The governor, whoſe love for his brother, made him ſollicitous to give him comfort, though his underſtanding was not ſufficient to dictate to him, that at ſuch a time all he could ſay muſt have a contrary effect, ſeized this opportunity of ſaying ſomething which he thought might relieve his uneaſineſs; and as he met with no interruption from his brother, who remained ſunk in ſilent woe, he was proceeding in all the pomp of uſeleſs reaſon to ſhew the folly of grieving for what could neither be foreſeen nor prevented; a doctrine moſt palpable and obvious to every man in his ſenſes, but which could never yet be comprehended by any one whoſe reaſon was over-clouded by ſome recent affliction, when the afflicted baronet lifted up his head, ſpoke not, but gave him ſuch a look as, with the moſt touching eloquence, convinced

vinced him that nothing could, nothing ought to be urged at ſuch a juncture, when grief claims to be indulged both as a relief and a duty.

CHAP. V.

The Plan of Education ſettled. Sir George's Notion of Muſic; and the Governor's of various matters.

SIR George's grief was of the kind which uſually continues a long time; for paſſions which gain a vent by complaint, evaporate much ſooner than thoſe which, by being partly ſmothered, prey continually on the mind. Much time, therefore, had elapſed before he began to exert his reaſon, and become attentive to the many bleſſings which he ſtill enjoyed. At length, however, time, a much better and ſurer comforter than the governor, began to reſtore him to his tranquillity; and the care of his ſon began to take poſſeſſion of his thoughts. Lady Beville's name had been Charlotte, and his affection for her memory would have induced Sir George to have called the child after her, had it been a girl; as it was, he contented himſelf with calling him Charles, which approached the neareſt in

ſound to that which he had ſo often repeated with delight: though the governor, whoſe exactneſs took place in every inſtance more or leſs, pleaded ſtrongly in favour of either the father's name or his own; and with regard to the name in queſtion, urged frequently the argument formerly made uſe of to Simeon on a like occaſion, that none of his kindred were of that name; but Sir George was reſolved, and his reſolutions were generally put in practice. The firſt years of little Charles's life were ſpent much after the uſual way of little gentry in his rank of life. Every care that could be taken of an heir ſo long expected and ſo dearly purchaſed, was undoubtedly taken of him; and Sir George had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him get ſafe over all the numerous accidents by which the texture of ſo delicate a frame, proportionably more helpleſs in its infant ſtate than other animals, as it is more noble and perfect in its maturity, is liable to be diſturbed. One thing was remarkable in his temper, that from the day of his birth to his compleating his fourth year, he was hardly ever known to cry, or fall into any of thoſe little fits of fretfulneſs ſo common in other children. If ever he diſcovered the leaſt tendency that way, a few bars of any tune ſung by his nurſe reſtored his countenance in a moment to that placid ſerenity which it was obſerved

uſually to wear. Sir George, who was a bigot to muſic, had very early diſcovered, or at leaſt fancied he diſcovered, a fondneſs in the child for every thing that ſounded like a muſical tone; which indeed was no ſmall addition to his happineſs: for he carried his notions ſo far upon this head, as very rarely to be brought to have a good opinion of the temper of any perſon who had an averſion to muſic. The well known paſſage in Shakeſpear, which ſo remarkably favoured his hypotheſis, was frequently in his mouth, and he ſubſcribed to the ſentiment in its full extent. The governor, whoſe ears by the way were of a very different contexture, uſed frequently to ridicule this favourite tenet of his brother's, without paying much deference even to the authority of the immortal Shakeſpear himſelf; and would ſometimes venture to reaſon upon the abſurdity of ſuppoſing that a fondneſs for any particular ſcience, which he imagined to be merely accidental, could have any thing to do with the temper of the poſſeſſor: he had no idea that a fondneſs for, and a ſuſceptibility of, the power of harmony might poſſibly be the reſult of a frame of mind more than ordinarily adapted to tender ſentiments, or that the very ſame delicacy of feelings which laid a man open to the power of muſic, might lay him more peculiarly open to the ſentiments of humanity.

This was a refinement in reaſoning that lay out of his road, and which was what he had not accuſtomed himſelf to purſue. He ſeldom indeed dealt much in deep ſpeculation, but contented himſelf with effects, without giving himſelf much trouble about their cauſes; for which reaſon, if he told you he had made an obſervation, it ſeldom amounted to more than his eyes or ears had informed him of, and he was contented with knowing the fact, without ſearching any farther. He was not therefore, with this kind of obſervation, likely to be able to perſuade Sir George out of any favourite notion he might chuſe to adopt, but leaſt of all out of a thorough perſuaſion that a fondneſs for muſic both aroſe from and excited an equability of temper, and argued a mind prediſpoſed to be happy, and conſequently in a fair way of generally being ſo. This was his moſt favourite tenet, or, to conform to the language of the times, his hobby-horſe; which not only the governor, but, to ſay the truth, many other people thought he rode at an unmerciful rate. It was but ſeldom therefore that he would condeſcend to reaſon upon it; for he knew that none but muſical people were like to be convinced by his arguments, and to convince them was doing nothing: he therefore proceeded to watch and endeavour to trace this qualification

tion in his ſon's ears, and the governor to doubt whether the child gave any attention to ſounds at all. Time, however, ſhewed how juſtly the baronet had judged of him, and how little they are to be depended on, who determine only from the evidence of their ſenſes.

When little Charles had attained his ninth year, Sir George began to think it high time to begin upon the plan of education he had fixed for him, beyond what he was able to give him himſelf; though as he ſpent his whole time with him, he was much more knowing than young gentlemen at that age uſually are. The plan had been long determined on, in the courſe of many converſations between him and his brother, whom he conſulted now upon every occaſion: not that he either had or expected to have much benefit from his advice, but it was a comfort to him to have ſomebody to whom he might think aloud; which was generally the caſe when he and the governor converſed together; as he uſually formed the plan, made the objections, and anſwered them himſelf with little more aſſiſtance from his brother, than an aſſent to what he ſaid; except an anecdote concerning any perſon, or place accidentally mentioned, happened to occur to the governor, which was then ſure to be delivered with the greateſt circumſtantiality of time and incident. Schools of all kinds,

both public and private, Sir George was averſe to: he had argued the caſe pro and con, both with himſelf and others, ſeveral times, had drawn up the advantages and diſadvantages in due form and order, and always found the latter greatly to predominate. This queſtion has indeed been often argued, and I dare ſay both you and I, reader, have heard the arguments on both ſides too often, to have the leaſt inclination to hear them again. Let it ſuffice therefore to ſay that Sir George, who had ſaid and heard as much upon the occaſion as you or I or any man, determined to have his ſon educated at home. The next point to ſettling what is to be done, is who is to do it; and this was the point which a little perplexed Sir George, and of courſe the governor, for they hardly ever diſagreed in their ſentiments. The younger clergy have, time out of mind, ingroſſed, as it were, the employment of educating ſuch young gentlemen as are kept at home, as, from their own education, being ſuppoſed poſſeſſed of all that kind of knowledge which is more immediately requiſite for that purpoſe. And as the general mode of education ſtands at preſent, they may undoubtedly with juſtice claim the preference to other profeſſions; if in no other reſpect, certainly in that of having moſt leiſure. The phraſe *educating youth* ſeems only to imply, at preſent, giving

giving them ſome knowledge of the learned languages, and, if the abilities of the inſtructors reach ſo far, ſome taſte for the poetry of the ancients, and a ſmall ſmattering of the hiſtory, laws, and cuſtoms of Athens and Rome: when they have ſuperficially done this, they ſometimes, though rarely, proceed to give them ſome little inſight into the hiſtory and conſtitution of their own country; but as to its cuſtoms and manners, the pupil is left to inveſtigate them at his leiſure; for there the inſtructor is but too generally very deficient himſelf. A knowledge of the world ſo ſeldom falls to the ſhare of a tutor, and perhaps, more eſpecially if he is choſen out of that profeſſion which we have already obſerved furniſhes the greateſt number of tutors, that when, in conſequence of his employment, he follows his pupil into the world, it is oftner the pupil that carries the tutor, than the tutor that carries the pupil. In ſpite however of theſe objections, ſome of which might, and ſome might not occur to him, Sir George determined to find out ſome young clergyman who would think it worth his while to quit, for the time, the univerſity, and his cure of no ſouls, to reſide with him, and ſuperintend the education of his ſon. "I wiſh," ſaid the governor, as the baronet told him his determination, "that young Quick was in Eng-

" land." " Who was he?" ſaid Sir George. " Why," replied the governor, " he was " my chaplain on board, and I gave him a " good living in the Weſt-Indies: he would " have ſuited your purpoſe exactly. He was " one of the cleverest young fellows I ever " met with; he was ſo ready, and always " ſuch good company: he was an excellent " ſcholar too, and made a very great figure " in a pulpit; he always was remarkable for " judging things in his ſermons ſo apropos, " that the people of his pariſh admired him " vaſtly. I remember the firſt ſermon I heard " him preach there, was upon Aſh-Wedneſ- " day, a very cold day by the bye it was, " he preached juſt four and thirty minutes, " all extempore, except a little bit of paper, " about the ſize of my hand: his text was " out of the Pſalms, *I have eaten aſhes as if it* " *was bread*, which was ſo pat to the day, that " the congregation conceived an high opinion " of him from that day. And he anſwered all " their expectations. He made the beſt rum- " punch I ever taſted in my life." " I do not " want," replied the baronet, ſmiling, though a little impatient, " to have a perſon who can " teach my boy to preach extempore, or make " rum-punch, though they may be very good " qualifications in a chaplain: I want a man of " ſome reading, a competent knowledge of

" muſic,

" muſic, and an excellent temper, and ſuch " an one I have written to a friend of mine " at Cambridge to find out for me with all " the expedition he can. Muſic I have made " an eſſential article, and I hope I ſhall ſuc- " ceed." " Yes, yes, very eaſily, I make " no doubt," replied the governor, " they " have muſic enough at Cambridge. I re- " member when I was there, two-and-twenty " years ago this ſpring, they carried me to " church to hear nothing but a ſermon and a " tune upon the organ, and I am ſure the mu- " ſic was longeſt."

CHAP. VI.

The arrival of another Perſon. His Character.

SIR George's Cambridge friend ſucceeded ſo well in his inquiries, that in a few weeks after the receipt of his commands, a gentleman arrived at the hall with a letter, ſignifying that his name was Norris, and recommending him as a very proper perſon to have the care of Maſter Beville's education. As this is a gentleman, reader, with whom we are to have a long and intimate acquaintance, it may not be amiſs to ſet out with a few outlines of his character, which was not quite a common one. Mr. Norris, at the time of

his coming into Sir George Beville's family, was in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and fellow of —— College in Cambridge. He was the ſon of a clergyman in the North of England, who, having ſeveral other children, looked upon the education he had given this, his youngeſt, as a ſufficient proviſion, and therefore, as ſoon as he was choſen fellow of his ſociety, fairly waſhed his hands of him, and left him to make his way in life as well as he was able, and as his father and grandfather had done before him.

Had Mr. Norris lived in an age or country where great and ſtriking abilities were a ſure ſtep to preferment, he would, of all men living, have had the leaſt reaſon to have regretted being left to ſhift for himſelf. He had that rapidity of genius, and ſtrength of underſtanding, which render a man equal to any undertaking; and though he had alſo, in ſome degree, that volatile kind of diſpoſition which ſo often accompanies a lively imagination, and which is perhaps too apt to divert the attention from any work of length or ſeriouſneſs in the early part of life, yet ſuch was the command which he had of himſelf, that his imagination never ran away with him, but with the conſent of his judgment. Having lived very little out of the univerſity, he was, at the time he came to Sir George's, rather more

more acquainted with books than with men; but a natural ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, which made him ever ſtudious of pleaſing, gave a politeneſs and an unaffected civility to his manner, which, joined to his good ſenſe and modeſty, rendered him a much more pleaſing companion than moſt men who have ſtudied the artificial good-breeding of the world, which, as it is acquired by art, muſt always be kept up by deſign, or elſe ſink into nothing. A man of the world may know how to behave well, but a man, ever ſtudious of pleaſing, knows not how to behave ill; or if he ſhould by accident tranſgreſs againſt ſome eſtabliſhed piece of ceremony, *cela ne fait pas ſon effet*, as La Bruiere ſays of uglineſs in an agreeable man. Mr. Norris had, however, a great ſhare of penetration, and, with a little practice, ſoon ſaw very readily into people's characters. He was poſſeſſed of a vein of ſtrong humour, which, whenever he pleaſed to let it looſe, bore down every thing before it; he could extract every particle of the ridiculous from any character, and hold it up in ſo ſtrong a light, that even the perſon himſelf muſt acknowledge the ridicule to be juſt. The goodneſs of his heart kept him from making an ill uſe of this talent, and prompted him to turn, in a manner peculiar to himſelf, his humour not upon men, but things; he would ſtrike

humourous remarks out of objects which would paſs intirely unnoticed by a leſs obſerving eye; and by this means he turned that talent to the delight of every body, which, in the poſſeſſion of a man with a worſe heart, would have given pain to all his acquaintance round. Arrogance and affectation were the only characters which felt the edge of his ſatire, and thoſe indeed he ſeldom ſpared. With regard to Sir George's favourite knowledge, muſic, he had made it almoſt his only amuſement, and in the opinion of ſome overwiſe folks, perhaps, too much his ſtudy. He was an excellent performer on ſeveral inſtruments, and had with great pains applied himſelf to the theory of muſic, which he loved to conſider more as a ſcience than as an art. He ſung well, had a great fondneſs for vocal muſic, and had compoſed ſeveral elegant things in that way. In his perſon he was tall, genteel in his figure, and rather handſome than otherwiſe; in his addreſs he was at firſt a little conſtrained, but upon a more intimate acquaintance, extremely eaſy. Such was the perſon whom Sir George engaged as a tutor for his ſon. In the evening of Mr. Norris's arrival, the diſcourſe naturally turned upon Sir George's favourite topic, muſic, and Mr. Norris diſplayed a taſte ſo exactly correſponding with that of the baronet,

ronet, that he won his eſteem and confidence in an inſtant. A ſimilarity of opinions often produces a confidence in a few hours, which any other means would be years in effecting; and there is no amity ſo ſtrong as that which is founded upon the *idem velle et nolle*. If therefore the baronet was eaſily taken with Mr. Norris, he in his turn, who preſently ſaw through all the particularities of Sir George's character, found ſo much good ſenſe and good-humour mixed with them, as to have no diſagreeable proſpect in his ſituation. The governor for ſome time a little puzzled Norris's penetration: he was at firſt tempted to think him, what in fact he was not, a very ſilly man; but then his ſometimes coming out with anecdotes which ſmacked of obſervation, with regard at leaſt to matters of fact in common life, preſently induced him to change his opinion; and it was not till after many weeks, when the ſtring of ſtories was beginning to wear out, and ſome of them to come over again with the ſame identical circumſtances, that Norris found out the real extent of his capacity. The governor's was a character altogether new to Norris, and he took great pleaſure in his converſation; for beſides the many little hiſtories with which he was furniſhed, he was intimately acquainted with all the minuteneſſes which diſtinguiſh the do-

meſtic manners of one nation from another; in whatever country he had been, in the courſe of his profeſſion, he carried away thoſe little matters which other travellers left behind. If he did not know the myſtery of arts and manufactures, or their returns, he knew the apparatus belonging to the carrying them on, the kind of men employed in them, and the dreſſes they wear in their work. If he could not develope the heart and diſpoſition of a Frenchman, a Dutchman, or a Spaniard, he could deſcribe their dreſs, from their hat to their ſhoe-buckle, and tell what time of the day, and in what attitude, they eat, drank, or ſlept. He had a knife in his pocket which he bought at Madrid, a tooth-pick-caſe which he found in the ſtreet at Leghorn, and a pair of nut-crackers which his ſervant ſtole from a fruit-woman at the Hague; every one of which had a ſeparate hiſtory belonging to it. All this was a ſtile ſo intirely new to Norris, that he was highly delighted with drawing him out: and this attention did not fail to have a correſpondent effect upon the governor, who was fond of Norris to the laſt degree. In this ſituation the family continued to enjoy as much true comfort as ever family did; and the great pains which Norris took with his pupil, joined to Charles's great natural abilities, produced ſuch improvements in his young mind, as could

not

not fail to give the baronet the higheſt ſatisfaction.

CHAP. VII.

Some Sketches of our Hero's Character.

AGREEABLE circumſtances, ariſing in a diſagreeable proſpect, convey the greateſt happineſs that can be imagined. Mr. Norris, to whoſe turn of mind the educating youth could have no very engaging appearance, was ſo delighted with the temper, underſtanding and genius of his pupil, that all the diſagreeable circumſtances, which he had figured to himſelf at entering on his employment, very ſoon vaniſhed. As young Beville began to grow beyond a child, he ſhewed ſuch evident marks of a great underſtanding, ſuch a quickneſs of apprehenſion, and ſuch a degree of application to whatever was taught him, as made the buſineſs of teaching a very great pleaſure. But to ſay the truth, as what endeared him to his father more perhaps than all his other acquirements, was a ſtrong genius for muſic, ſo his greateſt merit with his tutor, was a ſweetneſs of temper which nothing could diſturb, and a comical archneſs in his turn of mind which induced him to laugh, even when other boys of his age

age would have been tempted to cry. He was hardly indeed ever ſeen to cry, except once, when Baker's Chronicle fell upon his head from a ſhelf; and even then he obſerved, with the tears running down his cheeks, that he was ſorry ſo ſilly a book ſhould make ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon him. Norris, whoſe favourite tenet it was, that the only way to paſs happily through life was to enjoy the ſweet, and laugh at the bitter, took great pains to ſtrengthen his pupil in this kind of *democritical* philoſophy and he found his pains ſucceed to his wiſh, for, partly from the placidneſs of his own natural diſpoſition and partly from the inſtructions of his tutor, young Beville was obſerved all through his life to be the leaſt diſcompoſed by croſs accidents of any man living. Not that he wanted ſenſibility; on the contrary, there was no difficulty which he would not undertake, no inconvenience to which he would not ſubmit, to relieve the anxiety of another; he was juſt as attentive to the intereſt of others, as he was negligent of his own, and though he could have ſubmitted patiently to any misfortune which could have befallen himſelf, if there was any thing he hardly knew how to bear, it was the misfortune of another which he could not relieve. With regard to himſelf, indeed, he had the true philoſophy of making the beſt of every

every thing; and when a thing could not be prevented, was ſure to find out ſome reaſon why it ought not to be otherwiſe: his philoſophy was much of the ſame caſt with that of Sir William Temple's poſtilion, who when he could not get his boots off, ſaid he knew a better way, which was to go to bed with them on. Indeed nature had ſpread ſuch a vein of pleaſantry through his mind, that it affected more or leſs every action and purſuit of his life; not only his amuſements, but his ſtudies were of the comic kind: Lucian and Plautus were his favourite authors, and he was with great difficulty reſtrained from turning all the dignity of Homer into a farce; for, though he found no difficulty in underſtanding him, he had no great taſte for his beauties; and the blank paper with which that and moſt of his books were interleaved, for the benefit of making remarks, he was ſure to fill, not with criticiſms on the language or poetry, but with droll caricatura figures of the characters; Neſtor in a tie wig, Hector like ancient Piſtol, and Paris like a dancing maſter. Norris, though he was ſometimes forced to check this love for humour in his pupil, was nevertheleſs in his heart delighted with it, and comforted Sir George, who was a great admirer of the ancients, and ſaw Charles's caricaturas in rather too ſerious a light, with telling

telling him, that perhaps it was the ſureſt method of ſhewing that he entered into the ſpirit of the ſtory, if not intirely into the beauties of the poetry, for his figures, though in burleſque, were always very characteriſtic. Sir George was however a little alarmed at his ſon's turn for humour, as fearing it might ariſe from want of ſenſibility, and that if it was indulged too far, it might bring him to make a joke of every thing ſerious: but in this reſpect his fears were groundleſs; for beſides his never being heard to throw the leaſt reflection upon matters of a ſerious nature, he had often been obſerved to change his whole manner when religion was the ſubject of diſcourſe, (a behaviour which he probably learnt from Norris, who, however ſlighty in other reſpects, was very ſtrict in his notions on this head,) and to argue very ſeriouſly upon ſome points which nobody would have imagined had ever entered his thoughts. And with regard to his ſenſibility, the great attention which he always paid to any body in diſtreſs, and the ſmile of approbation which ſat upon his face at an account of a generous action, or of ſcorn at an inſtance of meanneſs and diſhonour, was ſufficient to convince Sir George that his heart was more than ordinarily open to delicate ſenſations. But an incident, trifling enough in itſelf, brought however this conviction home

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to the baronet through his favourite channel. In a book belonging to Mr. Norris was a little ſong of Pergoleſi, well known to muſical people, the ſubject of which is, an unfortunate princeſs complaining of her lover for having forſaken her, *Che non mediſſi un di*; at the top of which young Beville, who had read the ſong but never heard it, had drawn a burleſque figure of a girl juſt upon the point of hanging herſelf: it happened that this book lay upon the harpſichord open in this place, as Charles was one day waiting in the drawing room for the ſummons to dinner; and being alone, he began to play a few bars of the ſong; the air pleaſed him, and he went on: the great beauty of the expreſſion, the delicacy of the air, ſo finely contrived to convey the plaintive ſentiments of the words, ſtruck him very forcibly, and when he came to the pathetic reflection in the ſecond part, *tutto per lui perdei*, he could contain no longer, but burſt into tears; in which ſituation Sir George found him; nor is it eaſy to imagine his joy when he diſcovered the cauſe of his ſon's emotion, which he at length, and not without ſome difficulty, prevailed on him to confeſs. Sir George told him never to be aſhamed of a tenderneſs ſo amiable in itſelf, and excited in ſo forcible a manner by the power of ſounds, which he was very happy

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to find he could not reſiſt. Mr. Norris, to whom the baronet communicated this circumſtance of the delicacy of his pupil's ſenſibility, was equally pleaſed with it, and the more ſo, as in him the emotion muſt be merely the effect of humanity; "for," ſaid he, he is too young "to have any idea of the paſſion itſelf, much "leſs of the unhappy circumſtances of it "which are the ſubject of that ſong; if not," added he with a ſigh, "I ſhould not have "wondered at his being affected by it." The manner in which he ſpoke this, and the ſigh which accompanied it, gave Sir George ſome ſuſpicion that Norris had met with ſome diſappoinment which ſtuck by him; and as he had contracted a real affection for him, he could not help having a little curioſity concerning his affairs. When dinner therefore was over, and the ſervants withdrawn, he took an opportunity of aſking him ſome queſtions relating to his family, which might lead him to ſay ſomething of the earlier part of his life, to which however he gave ſuch general anſwers as would have ſatisfied the baronet, as they ſhewed him either that he had nothing particular to relate, or that there was ſome circumſtances of his life which he did not care to enter upon. But the governor, whoſe ears were always open after a hiſtory, was not ſo eaſily ſatisfied; his curioſity

was awakened, and he rather bluntly begged Norris would ſatisfy it. "Come, come," ſaid he, "there is ſome myſtery about a girl in a "corner I am ſure, let us have the whole "affair." "Indeed, Sir," replied Norris, "there has very little happened to me that "can be worth any one's attention, but as "you and Sir George have a right to whate-"ver you pleaſe to command from me, I am "very ready to tell you whatever occurrences "I have met with in the very ſhort "period in which I have been my own "maſter, for I think that is all which can "properly be called a man's life." Sir George and the governor ſaid he would do them a favour, and young Beville got behind him, for fear, as he acknowledged to him in a wiſper, he ſhould be tempted to laugh, not at his ſtory, but at the notion of a man's ſitting down gravely to tell a hiſtory of himſelf. Norris ſmiled, and proceeded as you will find in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

History of Mr. Norris.

MY father was a clergyman in the northern part of the kingdom, with very ſmall preferment; and I, being the youngeſt of ſeven children, was to be educated in as cheap a manner as was conſiſtent with the deſign of ſending me to the univerſity, in order to proceed regularly into holy orders, for which I was deſtined even from my cradle, for what reaſon I never could conceive; for I think there is hardly any mechanic trade which would not have afforded my father a fairer proſpect in his views for my benefit; but he was a clergyman himſelf, and he muſt have a child of the ſame profeſſion; my elder brothers would not, my ſiſters could not, and therefore it fell of courſe upon me. I was accordingly ſent to a ſchool in the neighbourhood, the maſter of which took a journey on foot, or in the waggon, to London, every Whitſuntide-hollidays, on purpoſe to adverti ſe, that, "At Stonelands, in "Yorkſhire, youth are boarded, educated and "cloathed, at twelve pounds a year, by Za-"chary Birch, and proper aſſiſtants, [his "wife and a pariſh apprentice]. N. B. Mr. "Birch is in town, and will take the care of "any young gentleman down;" by which means,

means, he ſometimes contrived to get his own paſſage gratis.

To this gentleman's care was I committed, and underwent the uſual diſcipline of the ſchool, namely, cold, hunger, and beating, where I learned too, in the moſt complete manner, one ſcience more than my father bargained for, which was patience; for what I know, of more uſe to me than any other thing that I learned there.

At the age of nineteen and a few months I was judged properly qualified for the univerſity, and accordingly I ſet out for Cambridge in company with a ſchool-fellow of about the ſame age. We were each of us equipped with a new ſuit of cloaths, a dozen of ſhirts, a pair of ſaddle-bags, and a horſe value about three pounds, which we were to ſell at the end of the journey, provided they ever reached it, to put us into caſh at firſt ſetting out, and a letter of recommendation to the tutor of the college we were deſigned for. We travelled with much pleaſure, and not leſs caution, for the firſt two or three days, and arrived, without any croſs accident, almoſt at Stamford, which, conſidering we had neither of us been thirty miles from home, was no ordinary piece of good fortune. It was too good indeed to laſt all the way, and about half a mile ſhort of Stamford my companion's horſe, who

who began to think the journey paſt a joke, fell down, and bruiſed his maſter's leg in ſuch a manner, that it was with the greateſt difficulty that, with my aſſiſtance, he reached the town. We applied to a ſurgeon, who adviſed my friend by no means to think of purſuing his journey on horſeback, and as the landlord of the inn informed us that there was a ſtage-coach which went through Huntingdon from thence in its way to London, we agreed to go ſo far in it, make the moſt of our horſes where we were, and get the other ſixteen miles from Huntingdon to Cambridge how we could. We applied to our landlord to know if he would buy our horſes, to which he readily conſented, provided we could agree about the price; we told him we would truſt to his honeſty, which he himſelf very highly commended, and we ordered our horſes out to be reviewed by him. He gave us ſome reaſon to recollect the jockey who bought Gil Blas's mule, for there was not a fault belonging to a horſe, it ſeemed, which our horſes had not; at laſt, however, he agreed to give us rather more than a third of their value, with which we were pretty well ſatisfied, and we proceeded in the ſtage the next morning. Our company in the coach conſiſted of an attorney of London, a lady and her daughter, who were to ſtop at Huntingdon as well as ourſelves, in order to

proceed into Suffolk, my lame friend and myſelf. It was dark when we got into the coach, and very little converſation paſſed till it was day-light: "How do ye do?" and "How do "ye do?" paſſed indeed, and repaſſed, but we were all too truly Engliſh to venture to ſay more to perſons whom we had never ſeen. At length however, in going ſlowly up a hill, I ventured to wonder if it was light, and to let down the wooden ſhutter in order to be ſatisfied; I had better have let it alone; it was light; and by that light I ſaw over-againſt me a face, which ſeveral years experience of its deceit has hardly been able to reconcile me to the conſigning to oblivion. It belonged to the young lady, who with her mother was travelling into Suffolk. She ſeemed to be about twenty, tall and well-faſhioned, and her face, ſuch as it is, very difficult to ſuſpect of being a maſk; it was ſo to me at leaſt, who was wholly unpractiſed in the ways of the world; for I am not ſure whether, to a diſcerning eye, her air and manner, ſtrongly tinctured with the levity and coquetry of her heart, would not in ſome meaſure have given the lie to the delicate ſweetneſs, and ſeeming openneſs of her countenance. To me it had a quite contrary effect; the freedom of her air I conſtrued into good temper, and the levity of her behaviour, almoſt bordering on effrontery,

tery, into openneſs of heart. She had a great deal of lively wit, and whenever I began to ſuſpect her a little in my own mind of ſacrificing too much in point of good-nature to her vivacity, one look of ſweetneſs made me loſe all my reflection, and tacitly aſk her pardon for my ſuſpicion. In a word, when we arrived at Huntingdon, which was much ſooner than I wiſhed, I found myſelf in the ſtrangeſt ſituation imaginable. I wiſhed to continue in her company, nay, I could not prevail on myſelf to quit her; and yet one half glance at my ſituation, the journey I was engaged in, and the purpoſe I was going upon, ſo plainly convinced me of the abſurdity of ſuch an attachment, as to make me for a moment reſolve to fly for it: in ſhort, I was——"Nine-"teen and a half," interrupted the baronet. "Thank you, Sir," continued Norris, "you "have explained the caſe in a word." The lady ſaw my ſituation, and gloried in it. She was too well practiſed in the ways of the world to be blind to the workings of a young mind, as open and as fit to receive any impreſſions, eſpecially I am afraid of the tender ſort, as ſhe could wiſh it, and ſhe was too miſchievous, as well as too cunning, not to make her advantage of it. She very kindly invited my companion and me, with the approbation of her mother, to viſit her at Bury;

and, by a look which ſhe gave me at parting, left me fully determined to accept the invitation, as ſoon as I ſhould be ſettled in college. My companion, who had enjoyed the greateſt part of the way that ſleep which the pain of his leg had robbed him of the night before, and whoſe diſpoſition was not of a nature ſo ſanguine as mine, ſeemed wholly ignorant of the ſtrange havock which had been made in my mind ſince we laſt converſed together; and I had ſo much dread of his reproaches for indulging myſelf in thoughts ſo foreign to our buſineſs, that I never mentioned it to him. We procured a paſſage in a return poſt-chaiſe, and arrived at Cambridge in the evening. And here a very new ſcene was opened to me all at once. The ſituation of a freſh man at Cambridge is in my opinion, if he does not happen to come from Eton or Weſtminſter, a very pitiable one. The joy which a lad naturally feels at the firſt thoughts of being in a great meaſure his own maſter, is conſiderably abated by the many childiſh diſtreſſes to which he is ſubject. A perfect ſtranger to the manners and cuſtoms of the people and place he is in, he is nevertheleſs afraid to aſk information, for fear of laying himſelf open to the jokes of thoſe who, proud of the advantage of having been admitted half a year before him, are continually laying traps for the freſh man, and giv-

ing him falſe informations, in order to triumph in his ignorance of what it was not poſſible he ſhould be acquainted with. When a perſon with a grave face tells me, that on the firſt day of term it is the cuſtom for all the under graduates in the univerſity to attend the univerſity-church in their ſurplices, where is the folly or ridiculouſneſs of my believing him? And yet I do not recollect that I was ever ſo hurt in my life as at being caught going out of the college-gate ſo dreſſed, in conſequence of ſuch an information. I have often thought, perhaps too ſeriouſly, that trifling as this kind of trap for ridicule may ſeem, it has, nevertheleſs, a bad tendency, ſo far, at leaſt, as it teaches a young man to be ſuſpicious in his own defence, and therefore leſſens that confidence in others, ariſing from an openneſs of temper and integrity of heart which is moſt remarkable in young people, and which, however the wickedneſs of individuals may render it imprudent, muſt be always amiable. "I "always," ſaid the governor, "ſuſpect a "man who endeavours officiouſly to be ac- "quainted with me." "I never, ſaid the baronet, "ſuſpect any man; if a man ſhews "me he is a rogue, I am convinced: if he gives "me any reaſon to think him one which does "not amount to a conviction, I tax him with "it, and am generally convinced by his an-

" ſwer on one ſide or the other." " You " are happy, Sir," continued Norris, " in a " penetration which does not ſuffer you to be " often impoſed upon; but there are ſome " characters of ſuch a caſt as to elude all pe- " netration; but as they can only be the re- " ſult of an union between a very good head " and a very bad heart, thank heaven, they " are not very common in the world. If it " did not happen that a bad man generally " defeats his own purpoſes, ſociety muſt be " very uncomfortable; and therefore I know " of no crime ſo dangerous, ſo deteſtable in " its nature, as hypocriſy; it has the compli- " cated guilt of every crime that it con- " ceals." " I fancy," ſaid young Beville, " that lady you mentioned juſt now, was " an hypocrite." " Indeed," replied Nor- ris, " ſhe was, and the moſt thoroughly " ſo of any perſon I ever met with; for " ſhe could not only diſguiſe all her bad " qualities, but, when it ſerved her purpoſe, " all her good ones."

CHAP. IX.

Concluſion of Mr. Norris's Hiſtory.

MY buſineſs at the univerſity, continued Norris, kept me ſo fully employed for ſome months, that I had no time to think of, or rather to execute, my intended viſit to Miſs Loveill; for as to my thoughts, they were conſiderably more with her than with my buſineſs. However, at the Chriſtmas receſs, I found time to go. I was received with great civility both by mother and daughter, and the more ſo by the latter, as I believe ſhe had given over the thoughts of ſeeing me; but the conſciouſneſs of my being upon the brink of engaging in an affair, which my judgment could not but condemn, threw a damp upon my ſpirits, and a reſerve into my behaviour, which gave her ſome diſguſt, and made her exert all her attractions to complete a conqueſt, which ſhe began to fear was but half accompliſhed. You will perhaps be ſurpriſed that ſhe ſhould take ſo much pains to create an intereſt in the heart of a very young man, whoſe circumſtances and connections ſhe was wholly unacquainted with, and ſo could have no intereſted views upon. I was very much ſo myſelf, for I had by no means vanity enough to think that ſhe could be ſtruck with my perſon

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or addreſs, which at that time had a good deal of ruſticity about them, and, when I had power to reflect upon her conduct, this circumſtance was of ſingular uſe to me in helping me to develope her real character. For the preſent, let it ſuffice to ſay, that ſhe omitted no circumſtance that could draw me on to like either her perſon or her mind, and the pains ſhe took to make herſelf agreeable to me, joined to the great gaiety of the place I was in, preſently got the better of my ſcruples, and I gave myſelf up to love and pleaſure, with all the eagerneſs of a young man wholly unaccuſtomed to both. I declared my paſſion in form, was received in form, rebuked in form, trifled with in form, and at length made a compleat fool of in form, by a half forced, half voluntary confeſſion, that I was every thing that was, or could be dear to her. I vowed eternal conſtancy, &c. ſhe ſmiled in my face and laughed in her ſleeve, and ſo we parted; I to my Euclid and three-penny commons, and ſhe, as ſhe aſſured me, to ſigh till my return: I did not in the leaſt doubt it. Before we parted, we had ſettled a plan for a correſpondence by letters, which were to be ſent to a third place, leſt they ſhould be ſeen by her mother, upon whom, according to the account ſhe choſe to give of herſelf, ſhe intirely depended, and who had a great deal in

her power: for her father, whom ſhe choſe to have been a wine-merchant in the weſt of England, had left every thing in his wife's power, ſuppoſing the child, with whom ſhe was big at the time of his deceaſe, ſhould prove a daughter, otherwiſe, the fortune was only to be her's for her life. A ſtory which went down as glibly with me as if it had been in the Bible.—By means of this correſpondence, and now and then a meeting for a day or two, we became ſoon upon the footing of being what is called engaged to each other, with the comfortable proſpect, on my ſide at leaſt, of waiting till a college-living falling to my lot, ſhould enable us to marry, in caſe that is, that I ſhould have the good fortune to be choſen fellow of the college, which I was not at all ſure I ſhould: in that, however, at the proper time I ſucceeded. You laugh, gentlemen, at ſuch a ſcheme; but extravagant as it may ſeem to you, I aſſure you there are very few fellows of colleges who have not ſome ſuch engagement upon their hands. Almoſt every college-living which becomes vacant, is the means of accompliſhing an engagement of twelve, fourteen, or may be twenty years ſtanding; and many a match is completed in grey hairs and a venerable feather-top grizzle, which was begun in a lappeted head and a ſmart bag-wig. Into this bleſſed fraternity

of

of contracted fellows had I entered myſelf, ſo early in life, as, at a moderate computation, to have a ſighing time of at leaſt fifteen years. How truly might I be ſaid to ſubſcribe to that doctrine which teaches, that a ſtate of hope is the happieſt of all human ſituations. And, indeed, I tried it not long enough to prove that it was not ſo; for my hopes were very ſoon blaſted by an accident which ſurpriſed me, if poſſible, as much as it hurt me. When Miſs Loveill and I had been ſome time in this ſituation, I was one day looking over the Cambridge Journal, and ſaw an advertiſement, ſignifying that the monthly aſſembly at Bury was to begin the next evening for the ſeaſon. It was near two months ſince I had ſeen Miſs Loveill, in which interval I had been choſen fellow of the college, and had taken orders: as I happened juſt at that time to be at leiſure, I thought I would take that opportunity of making her a viſit; I accordingly went with a friend of mine, who was my confident. At Newmarket we met with ſome friends, who prevailed on us to ſtay and dine with them there; by which means we did not reach Bury till juſt as the company were going to the aſſembly, therefore I did not ſend to Miſs Loveill upon my arrival, as I had, moreover, an inclination to ſurpriſe her in my clerical dreſs. When I came into the room, ſhe was

ſtanding with a group round the fire, with her back towards the door; I went behind her, and tapped her on the ſhoulder, upon which ſhe turned round, and cried, "Is it you?" with ſo evident a confuſion in her countenance, that I had ſome difficulty in imagining it to be merely the effect of my ſudden appearance; as there was nothing new or extraordinary in my being at the aſſembly, or even in my coming unexpectedly. I however took no notice of it, but aſked her to dance; ſhe excuſed herſelf for being engaged, as ſhe knew nothing of my coming. I aſked who it was ſhe danced with, and ſhe told me it was a ſtranger, whoſe name ſhe did not know. Whilſt I was talking with her, a perſon very gaily dreſſed came up to her, and, with not the air of a ſtranger, ſaid, "Come, Fanny, don't "you dance this dance?" She bluſhed, and followed him to her place, leaving me to reconcile the manner of his addreſs with the account ſhe had given me of him, as well as I could. It was not to be done without help. At the end of the dance, her partner leaving her to fetch ſomething to drink, I went up to her and aſked her if ſhe had learnt his name. "Not I," cried ſhe, "I wiſh I could, for "he is the moſt familiar puppy I ever met "with." This anſwer would have had its effect upon me, had not the gentleman unfortunately

tunately come up and joined us; when the great reſerve ſhe put on to me, the number of times ſhe called me *Sir*, added to the great intimacy which the ſtranger ſeemed to claim with her, awakened ſuſpicions in my mind which were no more favourable to her character than to my own quiet. I examined from head to foot the perſon to whom I was indebted for the uncomfortable ſenſations I underwent; and as I hardly ever ſtirred from Miſs Loveill's petticoat, he was no leſs curious in examining me. The lady, I believe, was not much happier than I was, and would have wiſhed me to have kept my diſtance, had not my preſence been the only circumſtance which prevented her partner aſking her a queſtion which ſhe was not, poſſibly, very well prepared to anſwer. Some very uneaſy hours paſſed on all ſides, and as early as ſhe dared, ſhe pleaded a bad head-ach, and went home, her partner accompanying her; an office I had intended for myſelf in ſpite of all oppoſition, as I was fooliſh enough to imagine I had the beſt right to it; but upon my attending her to the door, gueſs my ſurpriſe when I ſaw him hand her into a very handſome chariot, ſtep in after her, and order the ſervant *home*. I had no farther buſineſs in the aſſembly-room, ſo forgetting my companion, I proceeded to my inn, retired to my chamber, locked the

door, and, after having ſat an hour with my eyes fixed upon the fire, went to bed. I did not ſleep well, you may eaſily imagine; indeed I had more than my uneaſineſs to keep me awake; for in the next room to that in which I lay, ſeparated only by a ſliding partition, a party was to ſup after the aſſembly. They arrived ſoon after I was in bed, with no ſmall noiſe, and as I was in no very good-humour, I abuſed them in my mind for diſturbing me as much as if I had been inclined to ſleep; which, however, I did endeavour to do, for no other reaſon, I ſuppoſe, but becauſe I found it impoſſible. After a great deal of jargon, to which I paid as little attention as poſſible, one of them cried out, "Here's Fanny Loveill "in a bumper; how charmingly ſhe looked "to-night." I liſtened. "Aye," ſaid another, "I ſuppoſe we ſhall loſe her now the "baronet is returned from abroad." I ſat up in my bed. "What will he take her back "into Lincolnſhire with him again?" cried the firſt. "Aye, ſurely," replied the other. "I wonder he did not take her abroad with "him, for he is deviliſhly jealous of her." I got up: things began to wear a very ſerious aſpect. "I wonder how he came to truſt "her here then," ſaid another. "Though I "believe the old woman has kept a pretty "good look out for him, for I know many

"people

"people who have tried to get a footing there, "but without ſucceſs; and, what is more ex- "traordinary, I do not believe any of the "dowager cats in this town have ever ſuſ- "pected what ſhe is." "She has kept very "private," ſaid the firſt. "I do not know "any body that viſits at the houſe, except "a ſtraggling Cantab or two, and they are "more likely to be taken in, than to do any "miſchief." A patriotic young man who happened to be in company, apprehending the credit of the univerſity to be at ſtake, took fire at this reflection, and depoſed upon many oaths, that a Cantab was as likely to do miſ- chief as any other man: though I perfectly agreed with him in this opinion, yet I could not help wiſhing that he had taken ſome other opportunity of advancing it, as it broke the thread of a diſcourſe which was much more intereſting than all the miſchief the whole univerſity ever perpetrated. All after was riot and confuſion; I had, however, heard quite enough. I ſat till day-light, which by this time was not far off, ruminating upon what I had heard, and endeavouring to account for Miſs Loveill's conduct during the whole time of my connection with her. I will venture to ſay, an older man with a wiſer head, and a worſe heart, would have explained it in a mo- ment; to me it was inexplicable: I meaſured

her conduct by the rules of juſtice and humanity; I might as well have meaſured milk by the foot-rule; her actions were not ſquared by thoſe laws. I waited with great impatience for the proper time to pay her a viſit, in order to endeavour to get this matter cleared up a little; and I will venture to ſay, that, ſuch was my love and her art, had we been left alone for two hours, ſhe would have done intirely to my ſatisfaction: but unluckily, circumſtances turned out too ſtrong to be contradicted.—About nine o'clock I went to her houſe, and was informed by her maid that ſhe was not ſtirring, which I thought likely enough: I went to the coffee-houſe, and returned between ten and eleven, and was informed ſhe was gone out, which I thought unlikely enough. "Are you ſure," cried I with ſome vehemence, "that your lady is not "at home, Mrs. Betty?" The maid had but juſt time to anſwer in the affirmative, before a voice from the parlour called out, "Who is "that wants Miſs Loveill? Let them come "in." I did ſo, and found the gentleman, who had given me ſo much trouble the evening before, and the lady *tête-à-tête* at breakfaſt; he was in his night-gown and ſlippers, and appeared to be juſt riſen. The confuſion was pretty great on my ſide; the gentleman offered me a chair, and the lady, with a countenance

tenance tolerably compoſed, told me, that "ſhe thanked me for calling for the letter "which I had promiſed to convey to Cam-"bridge for her, but that as ſhe had not had "time to write it, ſhe had no occaſion to "trouble me." Impudence has always an advantage over innocence: I was ſo ſtruck with the matchleſs effrontery of this ſpeech, that I neither knew what to anſwer, nor what to do. I kept my ſeat a few minutes, irreſolute how to act, and at length got up, took an abrupt leave, ſaying it was very well, and departed, loaded with an aukward confuſion, which, if every one had had their due, would not have fallen to my ſhare. I arrived at my inn in a temper of mind not to be deſcribed. One while I ſuſpected my ſenſes; another I blamed myſelf for coming away without an explanation; and determined to go back; but when I reflected upon the ridiculous figure I muſt have made when I was there, and recollected how fair a pretence ſhe might have for refuſing to ſee me, according to the light in which I appeared to her gallant, which was plainly that of a ſlight acquaintance, who had undertaken at the aſſembly to convey a letter for her, I preſently gave up all thoughts of returning. At laſt I determined to write to her; I did; and with as much temper as I was maſter of, expoſtulated with her upon her con-

duct to me, begged to have it explained, and that ſhe would permit me to ſee her. You will perhaps be ſurpriſed at my condeſcending to aſk an explanation of a conduct, the motives for which I was ſo well acquainted with; ſhall I confeſs my weakneſs? I was ſo much wrapped up in this girl, that I could not bear to think her guilty of deceiving me; and I am afraid at that time, though her baſeneſs ſtared me in the face, I was leſs inclined to thank my ſtars that I had eſcaped her ſnares, than to envy the baronet, whoever he was, the poſſeſſion of her, even with all her faults. Strange triumph of paſſion over reaſon! But I believe I was not ſingular. I ſent my letter by the waiter of the inn, who brought me word that he had given it to the maid, who had promiſed to deliver it to her miſtreſs, and bring me an anſwer as ſoon as poſſible. I waited with great impatience till towards five o'clock in the evening, and had almoſt begun to deſpair of having any anſwer at all; when on a ſudden the door opened, and in came Miſs Loveill herſelf. I ſtarted from my reverie, and before I had power to ſpeak to her, ſhe flung herſelf into a chair, and burſt into tears. A good orator in a bad cauſe will always raiſe ſuch images in the minds of his audience, as are moſt likely to prediſpoſe them to favourable ſentiments. The ſtrongeſt figure in female rhetoric to excite com-

compaſſion is a flood of tears, and this generally therefore precedes the confeſſion of a fault, as a preparatory circumſtance to ſoften the heart of the injured perſon, and open, as it were, the paſſage from juſtice to mercy. Miſs Loveill was too good an orator to omit this circumſtance, and it had its full effect upon me: I could not help for a moment forgetting my wrongs; and endeavouring to ſooth her, I took her hand, preſſed it to my lips, and begged her to be calm. "You ſee before you, Mr. Norris," cried ſhe, "one of the moſt unhappy "women that ever exiſted." I told her I hoped not, I hoped ſhe might ſtill be happy; I knew not what I ſaid, her head lay upon my ſhoulder, and her tears wetted my cheeks; to have ſeen her in ſuch an attitude four-and-twenty hours before, would have driven me to diſtraction. "O never! never!" cried ſhe. "Cruel, cruel Burton, to rob me of all happineſs in myſelf, and put it out of my "power to give it to another! O Mr. Norris, fly me, this inſtant fly me! I have injured you in the tendereſt part, I have "ſtolen your love, and repaid you with what "was not mine to pay; that man whom "you ſaw with me, is maſter of me and all "I have: but he ſhall not enjoy his power, "never will I ſurvive the moment that forces "me from you." I was affected; ſhe ſaw it,

and

and that was all her aim. I endeavoured to ſooth her, and ſoon ſucceeded: ſhe was preſently collected enough to let me into her hiſtory, which was, that her father dying when ſhe was very young, had left her mother and all her affairs in the care of the father of this Sir William Burton; that her mother dying ſoon after, the woman ſhe now called ſo being no more than a ſervant of Sir William's, ſhe had been brought up in Sir William's family; that he had entertained a fondneſs for her from the time they had been children together, and at laſt, under a promiſe of marriage (without doubt) debauched her; that ſhe had lived with him ſome years, had had one child by him which was dead, and that upon his going abroad at the time I firſt met with her, ſhe was ſent under the care of a truſty ſervant to board at this place, till his return. She aſſured me ſhe was heartily unhappy in her ſituation, that ſhe was ſhocked at the thoughts of continuing in ſuch a life, and confeſſed that her deſign in forming a connection with me at firſt, in which ſhe had prevailed on her governante to acquieſe, was to marry before Sir William's return, in hopes that when he found ſhe was actually married, he would have given up all farther thoughts of her, and have made ſuch a proviſion for her as might have enabled her to paſs the remainder of her life in comfort.

ſort. She then proceeded to aſſure me that the real affection ſhe had contracted for me was the only conſideration which had prevented her preſſing me to marry immediately; but that though her whole happineſs depended upon it, ſhe could not bring herſelf to put ſo great a deceit in practice againſt me; that ſhe had determined to open the whole affair to me, had not the unexpected arrival of Sir William prevented it by this diſcovery. She then proceeded to uſe every argument ſhe was miſtreſs of to induce me to marry her, and depend upon Sir William's generoſity for providing handſomely for us.—I was young, and I was in love; but the barefacedneſs of this propoſal opened my eyes: I fired, and with great warmth, and all the dignity of innocence, upbraided her with the ſcandalous part ſhe had acted, and concluded with determining never to ſee her more, and demanding a reſtitution of all the letters which I had written to her. She heard me through with great compoſure, and though ſhe found my reaſon was too much rouſed to be eaſily laid aſleep at that time, yet, as ſhe had diſcernment enough to ſee that diſappointment had no ſmall ſhare in my reſentment, ſhe thought it prudent to make uſe of ſome contrivance to prevent, if poſſible, my putting my reſolution of never ſeeing her more in practice. With an

air

air therefore of indifference, which amazed me from the ſuddenneſs with which it was aſſumed, ſhe told me, that "ſhe was ſorry I ſaw the "affair in ſo heinous a light, that if I was re- "ſolved not to marry her, ſhe could not help "it, but that as long as ſhe had in her poſſeſ- "ſion ſuch a legal tie upon me as many of my "letters gave her, ſhe ſhould not be prevail- "ed upon to part with them, that at leaſt "ſhe might not have the mortification of "ſeeing me married to another." This was new, this was unexpected; I felt too much to ſpeak; I gave her a look which I intended ſhould convey as much contempt and abhorrence as poſſible, but which I believe did convey nothing but the true picture of amazement, and left her without ſpeaking a word, got into a poſt-chaiſe, and returned directly to Cambridge. Since which time I have uſed every art in my power to make me forget that part of my life; and by means of a good natural flow of ſpirits, and a thorough thankfulneſs for the eſcape I have had, I have ſo far accompliſhed my aim, as to feel no uneaſineſs, at leaſt from the recollection of it. I have not yet recovered my letters, but I do not doubt but I ſhall be releaſed from one engagement at leaſt as ſoon as I ſhall want to enter into another, ſo give myſelf very little trouble about them.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Remarks on Mr. Norris's Hiſtory; and the End of the firſt Book.

VARIOUS were the reflections which each of the auditors made upon Mr. Norris's hiſtory. Sir George and the governor both imputed his having been deceived in ſo groſs a manner by Miſs Loveill to his youth and inexperience of the world, but from different principles, and each of them thought, that had he been in Norris's place he ſhould have eſcaped the ſnare, but by very different means. The baronet placed all his ſecurity in his penetration; of which, as well as his philoſophy, he poſſeſſed a great deal, and boaſted a great deal more; inſomuch that he would ſometimes ſay that he was never miſtaken in the true character of any perſon, with whom he had converſed for a day, in his life. The governor on the other hand, who had no penetration at all, had ſubſtituted for it, what Mr. Greville calls that fatal error of contracted minds, indiſcriminate ſuſpicion, in which he placed the whole of his ſecurity, and an univerſal exerciſe of which he called wiſdom. "I "think," ſaid Sir George, "you was a little "deficient in point of ſagacity with regard to "this girl. Was there no one circumſtance

"which

" which could lead you to a knowledge of her " character? Was ſhe always ſo much upon " her guard, that no circumſtance would hap- " pen to contradict itſelf? Such girls in ge- " neral are very eaſily ſeen through." " O " Sir," replied Norris, " ſhe had an openneſs " in her manner, a frankneſs which baffled " all ſuſpicion." " I always," ſaid the go- vernor, " ſuſpect thoſe very frank people; " I obſerve people are ſeldom very communi- " cative themſelves, but with a view to pick " ſomething out of you; I ſhould have ſuſ- " pected her for receiving me ſo civilly, and " being ſo fond of a ſtranger; I am ſure I " ſhould have found her out by that." " What " ſay you to it, Charles," cried Sir George; " ſhould you have acted as Mr. Norris did?" " I hope I ſhould, Sir," replied he; " for I " am ſure I ſhould not have ſeen farther into " the lady's character than he did; and I am " ſure it is better to be ſometimes deceived, " than always ſuſpicious." " You will think " better ſome time hence," ſaid the governor. " I rather hope he will never think other- " wiſe," ſaid Norris. " I cannot think that " prudence, in the general acceptation of the " word, has ſo much to boaſt of as it ſeems at " firſt ſight to have; as long as it acts merely " upon the defenſive part, it certainly is not " only juſtifiable, but, in the preſent ſituation

" of

" of things, almoſt neceſſary: but how ſhall
" we determine the bounds of a ſelf-defending
" prudence? How ſhall we be ſure, that what
" at firſt ſight ſeems prudence, may not, when
" it comes to be examined, turn out to be in-
" juſtice? There ſeems to me to be leſs pride
" than folly in being aſhamed of having been
" deceived; for it more generally argues an un-
" deſigning integrity of heart, than a weak-
" neſs of head. How infinitely happier am I,
" governor, in having been deceived, than I
" ſhould have been if I had ſuſpected an in-
" nocent perſon of a bad intention! How un-
" comfortable muſt be the reflection of hav-
" ing acted with a blameable caution, and
" what is called a prudent fear of being de-
" ceived by a perſon, who in the event proves
" to have deſerved our utmoſt confidence!
" This is the worldly wiſdom, which is hardly
" ever acquired but with the loſs of ſome a-
" miable qualification: this is the prudence
" which is the offspring of money, trade and
" commerce, and which keeps men in a con-
" tinual ſtate of warfare with each other;
" every man lives incloſed in a fortification,
" and in the continual fear of an ambuſcade."
Theſe notions were quite new to the governor, and even Sir George thought Norris carried his refinements rather too far; but the uprightneſs of his heart was always ſo conſpicuous in every

every thing he ſaid or did, that Sir George was greatly prejudiced in favour of any tenet of his, though, at firſt ſight, he might think it rather carried to exceſs. He therefore always adviſed his ſon not to pay attention only to any one particular notion of his tutor's, but to trace it to its original ſource, and ſee the relation which it bore to the general tenor of his conduct and opinions, "and then," ſaid he, "you will find that he ſeldom thinks differently from the reſt of the world, but when "he thinks better than they do; and that he "has a right to regulate his actions by his "own opinions, becauſe he proves that he "dares ſubmit to the inconveniences which "will ſometimes be the conſequence of a "right conduct; and depend upon it, whoever ſuffers for having acted according to "the dictates of his own conſcience, rather "than the opinions of the world, will have a "comfort which nothing can rob him of, and "of which he who injures him is very little "aware."

END *of the* FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

A Word in favour of introductory Chapters. Some Thoughts on Imitation and Imitators.

THE ingenious Mr. Henry Fielding, whoſe memory ought to be as dear to every novel-writer, as his authority ought to be reſpectable, has declared theſe introductory chapters, one of which he has prefixed to each book of his Hiſtory of a Foundling, to be eſſentially neceſſary to this ſpecies of writing. It is therefore with infinite concern that I ſee my brethren in this trade fly in the face of an authority ſo ſacred, and venture to thruſt their crude productions into the world, not only without theſe paſſports, but even without a preface, introduction, addreſs to the reader, or ſometimes even a modern advertiſement. I am aware that the generality of them will plead, that they are inliſted under another maſter, and therefore are not under any neceſſity of conforming to his rules; that by throwing their

their materials into the form of letters, they confeſs themſelves diſciples of Mr. Richardſon, and ſo, in imitation of their maſter, have a right to begin in the middle of their hiſtory, without ceremony open half a dozen characters upon you at once, and leave you to find out who they are as you can. Now though this deſultory manner of writing may be very new, and very convenient, yet I muſt acknowledge, that the authority of Mr. Fielding ſeems to deſerve a little more reſpect; and in this particular of introductory chapters more eſpecially, becauſe he has vouchſafed to give us a reaſon for the inſtitution, which, in my opinion, ſeems to put the utility of it out of all manner of doubt. He ſeems to have been aware that a great many writers would, in after-times, ſet up for imitators of his manner; ſome of whom might poſſibly venture to attempt it without one neceſſary qualification for the undertaking. As therefore thoſe parts of a hiſtory which contain mere narrative, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than thoſe which are compoſed of obſervation and reflection; he thought it poſſible that many might think themſelves capable of the former, who had not the leaſt pretenſions of abilities for the latter: he therefore inſtituted theſe chapters, in order to ſecure himſelf from ſuch imitators as were

were utterly incapable of reflection, and whoſe learning was not at leaſt equal to an eſſay: from ſuch imitators, in ſhort, as Horace hints that ſome of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and four faces.—Now, though I would by no means be thought to inſinuate, that the generality of modern novelliſts chooſe to ſlight this inſtitution from any conſciouſneſs of being unable to conform to it; or that finding it a ſtumbling block in their way which they could not eaſily ſurmount, they therefore chooſe to inliſt under another maſter, who does not put them to ſuch hard ſervice; yet there may be people ill-natured enough to make ſuch a concluſion. However that may be, although no man can more truly ſay of himſelf *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri* than I can, I have, nevertheleſs, determined to keep up to this inſtitution, that if any ingenious critic ſhould find out, and I ſhould be obliged to acknowledge, that I am an imitator of Fielding, I may have it to ſay, that I did not decline following his ſteps through the moſt difficult part of his method.

And here I cannot help ſaying a word or two in favour of imitators in general; a ſet of people whom, ever ſince Horace gave them the degrading title of *ſervum pecus*, the world have loaded with every ſort of infamy. In

which they ſometimes are not only guilty of great injuſtice, but alſo act very much againſt their own intereſt. If a man is ſo happy as to ſucceed in any new kind of writing, the public are not contented with beſtowing on him the encomiums he deſerves, and applauding him for having outdone all his predeceſſors; but they go farther, and venture to prognoſticate that no one of his ſucceſſors will ever come up to him; and that in a manner ſo deciſive, as is ſufficient to diſcourage any ſimilar genius from exerciſing his talents in the ſame way. Many a man therefore, who might have ſucceeded very well in a way which his genius prompted him to purſue, is diſcouraged from the attempt, by ſeeing the walk already occupied by another, whom the public have already declared to be inimitable, and therefore will think themſelves bound to diſcourage every one from endeavouring to imitate: the poor man therefore, rather than proceed in a road where his work is already condemned, turns out of it into ſome other path to which his genius never did lead him, and where he deſervedly meets with that contempt which candour would have exempted him from in the other. By which means the public loſe the entertainment which, with proper encouragement, he might have afforded them.

Hence

Hence it is that we find even men of genius ſtretching their imagination to the very verge of folly, for ſomething new and uncommon. Where a writer happens to have a natural and inexhauſtible fund of humour, he may very often ſucceed in his deſign of making his readers laugh, by ſome trick or other, which, in another man, would have been inſupportable: a black page, a white page, or a marble page, has done it. But this is a talent which is ſeldom to be met with; and is perhaps the only one which is, ſtrictly ſpeaking, inimitable; ſuch eccentric geniuſes move in an orbit of their own, for others to gaze at. But when a moderate man is driven away by the popular cry after novelty, he generally leaves behind him thoſe materials from which he might have afforded entertainment, without overtaking thoſe which he is in purſuit of.—Let not therefore a moderate genius be too much aſhamed of a guide; a good imitation is often not inferior to a tolerable original, and always ſuperior to a bad one. But then let him take care to look at ſomething more in his model than the particularities, or, it may be, the faults of it: let him imitate the virtues of Cato as well as his auſterity; and have ever in mind what Swift ſaid of Rowe's Jane Shore; "I have ſeen," ſays he, "a play written "in profeſſed imitation of Shakeſpear,

" wherein the whole likeneſs conſiſted in one
" line,

" And ſo good morning to you, good Mr.
" Lieutenant."

Theſe are the imitators which anſwer to the *ſervum pecus* of Horace, and which Fielding meant to guard himſelf againſt, by planting an eſſay at the entrance of each book of his hiſtory like a guard at the door; hinting by that, that no man ſhould attempt to arrive at writing hiſtory, without taking obſervation and reflection in his way. From theſe alone is to be derived the firſt requiſite for a hiſtory of this kind, whoſe materials are not drawn from records, which is uſually called invention; which word, however, according to the uſual acceptation of it, is more applicable to the old romances, written in the ages of knights-errant, four handed giants, diſtreſſed damſels, enchanted caſtles, dwarfs, and white palfreys; all which, according to the uſual acceptation of the word invention, might be properly enough ſaid to take their riſe entirely from the imagination of the hiſtorian. But in ſuch hiſtories as theſe, where the materials are drawn from nature, the invention of the hiſtorian means nothing more than the diſcoveries which he has been able to make of the man-

manners of mankind, by the help of his obſervation and reflection. The ranging and bringing together of which diſcoveries, and thereby forming a plan in which the incidents may follow naturally; and the delivering them in a correct, but eaſy ſtile; are the parts of this kind of writing, which require ſome judgment, and perhaps a little learning to be added to the invention of the author. It would therefore be worth a man's, or a woman's while to ſit down and conſider before they begin, whether they have any materials for writing at their command, more than ſuch as are to be purchaſed at the ſtationers; and any other talents for it than ſuch as are taught by the writing-maſter: if, upon a fair examination of themſelves, they find that they have neither obſervation nor genius ſufficient to qualify them for original compoſition, they may in the next place conſider whether they have reading and underſtanding ſufficient, together with taſte enough to diſtinguiſh faults from beauties, to qualify them for imitation: if their candour cannot allow even that; why then, in the name of Apollo and the Nine Muſes, let them be content to continue courteous readers, and ſhew the world, that if they have not wit enough to ſpeak, they have judgment enough to hold their tongue.

CHAP. II.

Mr. Beville reſtrains his Inclination for going abroad. Declines going to the Univerſity. The Family arrives at Bath.

NEVER was happineſs more complete than that which Sir George Beville enjoyed from the growing accompliſhments of his ſon.

Mr. Charles Beville, who had now attained his twentieth year, was indeed in every reſpect ſuch a ſon as muſt give the higheſt ſatisfaction to a parent: his underſtanding, his abilities, his temper, his manners, his perſon, ſuch as made it impoſſible to know him, and not eſteem him. What joy to a father whoſe fears were in continual agitation, leſt the child of his prayers, the ſon he had ſo ardently wiſhed for, ſhould turn out in ſuch a manner as to make him rather reproach heaven for its bounty. Far otherwiſe was the caſe with regard to Mr. Beville; his real virtues endeared him to his friends, and that never failing charm, a conſtant chearfulneſs, to his acquaintance. The great progreſs he had made

made in all branches of polite literature, together with the taſte he had cultivated for painting and muſic, made him very ſollicitous to viſit thoſe countries, of whoſe productions he had read and heard ſuch alluring accounts, and to judge for himſelf how far they ought or ought not to be preferred to his own: a tour to France and Italy was the conſtant object of his wiſhes. But the baronet, who found himſelf growing old apace, and who was too much wrapped up in his ſon to bear the thoughts of parting with him for ſuch a time as might make it probable that he might never ſee him again, took great pains to prevail on him to ſtay a few years longer, and viſit every part of his own country before he ſet out upon a tour, from which he rightly imagined he would daily find freſh objects to prevent his wiſhes to return. Sometimes he would propoſe to him to paſs ſome time at one of our own univerſities; but this was a propoſal which Mr. Beville by no means reliſhed. What was his particular reaſon, I never could with certainty learn, but he never heard it mentioned to him to ſpend ſome time at Oxford or Cambridge, in order to learn any thing there which he could not have opportunities of learning any where elſe, without a ſmile, which betrayed ſomething very like contempt. Whether Norris had acted the

part of an undutiful ſon to his alma mater, and had repreſented the mode of education in the univerſity in no very advantageous light to his pupil; or whether the obſervations which he himſelf made during the time of his viſits at each univerſity had tended to prejudice him againſt them, I cannot tell, but certain it is that he had no great opinion of either of them, and even went ſo far as to declare, that he could find no advantage to be gained from an univerſity-education, but what might with more eaſe and leſs riſque be gained elſewhere, except a man was deſigned for ſome profeſſion which might make it neceſſary for him to have a right to place A. M. or LL. B. after his name. Sir George, who, to ſay the truth, entertained an opinion of the mode of education purſued in the univerſities very little better than that of his ſon, and who had no other view in the propoſal than the hope of, by that means, detaining his ſon in England, never offered to force his inclination. That ſcheme then was entirely laid aſide; and Mr. Beville, who eaſily ſaw his father's drift in propoſing it, determined to quit for the preſent all thoughts of going abroad, and content himſelf with ſeeing every part of England, and paying ſuch attention to whatever was worth notice in his own country, as to be no incompetent judge of its comparative merit whenever

whenever he ſhould have an opportunity of viſiting others. With this view he made ſeveral tours in company with Mr. Norris, and was juſt returned from an expedition into the northern part of the kingdom, when an accident turned his ſteps weſtward. An attack of the gout in the ſtomach, which happened to Sir George, alarmed him and the whole family, and made it neceſſary for him to go to Bath; and as none of the family but himſelf had ever been at that ſeat of gaiety, they were very glad to accompany him thither. Accordingly Sir George, the governor, Mr. Beville, and Norris ſet out, and propoſed ſpending the greateſt part of the winter there. They arrived ſafe at the Tons, and Mr. *Phillot* procured them lodgings the next morning after their arrival on the South-parade.

CHAP. III.

Amuſements of Bath. The Happineſs of being eaſily pleaſed. Mr. Beville reſcues a Man who had committed an extraordinary Theft.

BATH is, without exception, the moſt delightful place in this, or, perhaps, any kingdom, for people who have nothing to do, and no inclination to do any thing. And even for thoſe whoſe more active turn of mind will not ſuffer them to ſit all day poring upon a news-paper, ſhuffling a pack of cards, or rattling a dice-box, it is not without its charms: for though the general buſineſs of the place be diſſipation, and ſeemingly unfit therefore for people of a ſpeculative turn of mind, yet it is always ſo fertile in characters, and ſo full of incident and adventure, that the ſpeculatiſt need never want employment, nor even the ſtudent amuſement. It was therefore likely to prove an agreeable reſidence to the whole Beville family. Sir George paid ſuch attention to the main end of his journey thither, that the gout was very ſoon removed

from the ſtomach to his hand, and within a few days after his arrival he was able to enjoy the amuſements of the place. Mr. Beville can by no means be ſuppoſed to have been at a loſs for his amuſements, as Bath may undoubtedly be called the peculiar element of a gay young man of one-and-twenty, with a diſpoſition both to give and receive happineſs, and a natural love for whatever carried a chearful appearance. Mr. Norris, beſides his uſual amuſements of riding and walking, had the bookſeller's ſhop, and one in which he took more delight than in all the reſt, and which he enjoyed here in the higheſt degree of perfection, which might be called character-hunting. There was no knowledge that he was ſo inquiſitive after, as the finding out and tracing thoſe little characteriſtic particularities which diſtinguiſh one man's turn from another, and he could not fail of finding game enough for this kind of hunting in a place ſo abounding with all ſorts of men and women as Bath uſually does. The governor's amuſements lay in a narrow compaſs, and indeed centered chiefly in that ſupreme delight of men of the anecdote caſt, the coffee-houſe. Sir George indeed was a conſtant attendant at *Morgan*'s, but the game he ſought there was politics; the governor's was any thing new; and in this he had greatly the advantage of

his brother. Sir George, for inſtance, was happy if he happened to drink his coffee in the ſame box with a ſenſible man, who talked rationally, and of his own ſide of the queſtion, upon the affairs of the nation, or ſhewed a knowledge of the world in general: but the governor was as happy if he drank his *Doctor* next to a man who talked to him upon any thing, either his own, or any body's affairs; or ſhewed him a new Bath ring, or a ſeal cut at *Wickſteed*'s machine, or any other matter; and the joy which the baronet received from a deciſive battle in Germany was conveyed to the governor by a battle between two chairmen at the corner of Wade's paſſage. Happy the man whoſe amuſement depends upon trifles! whoſe curioſity keeps ſuch an even pace with the common occurrences of life, as to bid fair for being ſatisfied without much trouble. Such a man has perhaps few high enjoyments, but then he eſcapes many, many bitter diſappointments, and hardly knows the meaning of the French word *Ennui*; for at the worſt his window is a never-failing ſource of ſpeculation! — As the governor was one day applying to this ſuccedaneum, to reflection at the coffee-houſe, he ſaw a croud of people who were hurrying a poor man through the Grove, with all that malicious glee which the common people of England ſhew in perſecuting

ing a wretch who happens to have the misfortune of being detected in committing perhaps a leſs crime than half of his perſecutors are guilty of every day of their lives. Cry but a pick-pocket, and, by the alacrity of the mob to ſecure him, you would imagine that the whole nation held the leaſt act of fraud in the moſt utter deteſtation; lay yourſelf but the leaſt open to impoſition, and you will find ſo many ready to make their advantage of it, that you would imagine juſtice was never heard of in the land. The poor fellow whom the mob were hurrying on to the houſe of the mayor, ſeemed about thirty years of age, lean and ſickly in his look, but yet ſhewed ſome remains of gentility in his air, even under theſe horrid circumſtances; and the governor's accuracy of obſervation, always attending to the minutiæ, made him take notice that his ſtockings, though full of holes, were of ſilk, and that his coat retained the marks of having once been honoured with a lace. Upon the ſtrength of this obſervation, he immediately concluded that the fellow was ſome broken kind of gambler, who had been reduced too low for the dice to aſſiſt him, for want of a ſtake to play for, and ſo had been obliged to have recourſe to a kind of robbery more dangerous to himſelf, though leſs to ſociety. Having thus ſettled the matter with himſelf, he

was

was ſhutting the window, when he was ſurpriſed with a voice which he thought ſounded like his nephew's, exclaiming in the midſt of the croud, with great vehemence, "What "has he ſtolen? What has he taken?" This was a queſtion to which he (for it was really Mr. Beville) found much difficulty in procuring an anſwer; for the greateſt part of the mob hardly knew which was the criminal, much leſs of what he was accuſed. Mr. Beville at length burſt through the croud, and ſtopping the poor man, aſked him what he had done. One of the foremoſt of the mob, who had hold of his arm, ſaid, "Pleaſe your "honour, he has ſtole ſomething out of a "ſhop." "But what?" cried Mr. Beville. "Pleaſe your honour," replied the fellow, "there were ſome children at breakfaſt in a "ſhop, and one of them cried out, He has "got it, and ſo I ſaw this fellow run out "of the ſhop with his hand in his pocket, "and ſo I laid hold on him to carry him be-"fore the mayor." "Good God!" cried Mr. Beville, "carry him before the mayor, "when no-body accuſes him! Where is the "man of the ſhop? Has he loſt any thing?" "Pleaſe your honour, I knows nothing of "the matter," ſaid the fellow; "but the "children ſaid he had got ſomething." "Friend," ſaid Mr. Beville to the poor man,

"have

" have you taken any thing out of this ſhop?" " Yes, Sir," replied he. " Why then," ſaid Mr. Beville, " did you call to me for aſ- " ſiſtance, and ſay you was an innocent per- " ſon?" " What I have taken, Sir," ſaid he, " is in this pocket; you cannot miſtake " it, for there is nothing in any of the " others." Mr. Beville put his hand in the pocket, and pulled out—two little pieces of bread and butter: he turned up his eyes; and the poor wretch gave him ſuch a look, as preſently convinced him of the nature of the theft. Mr. Beville preſently aſſured the populace that the man was innocent of any crime, and they as readily took his word as they had done the children's, and diſperſed. He then took the man into a private room in the coffee-houſe, to examine into the circumſtances of a diſtreſs which could force him to commit ſo extraordinary a robbery. The poor wretch fell on his knees, and moſt ſincerely thanked him for his reſcue: " Indeed, in- " deed, Sir," cried he, " I am unhappy, " but not culpable; what I did was merely " from neceſſity; I have not eaten one morſel " for theſe two days paſt." " How came it " then," ſaid Mr. Beville, raiſing him from the ground, " that you put this ſmall relief " for your hunger into your pocket? Why " did not you devour it rather the inſtant you

" took

" took it ?" " O Sir," replied he, " I was " carrying it—" here he burſt into tears—" I " cannot tell you, Sir, where I was carrying " it; but I never intend to eat a morſel till " I have carried ſomething there." " Where ?" cried Mr. Beville eagerly. " Have you a wife, " a child ?" " God knows," replied the poor wretch, lifting up his eyes; " God knows " if I have or not; I had three hours ago " both, but whether they are yet alive, I can- " not tell; had I been able to have procured " them any thing for their relief, I had not " been ſo long abſent; but why ſhould we " die looking upon one another ?" Mr. Beville was moved, his eyes gliſtened, and he rather abruptly gave the poor man a guinea, and told him to meet him there in the evening.

The poor fellow was again on his knees, but Mr. Beville turned from him and left him. It was not immediatly that he was able to go into the public coffee-room. In about a quarter of an hour he joined Sir George and the governor, who with the reſt of the company were rather impatient to know the man's hiſtory. " If there is any thing," ſaid Mr. Beville, " that can excite one's com- " paſſion in a more than ordinary degree, it " is the ſight of a man made not only unfor- " tunate, but even guilty in ſpite of himſelf:

" if

" if I am not miſtaken in this poor fellow, " it is compaſſion for the ſufferings of others, " more than the preſſure of his own neceſſi- " ties, great as they appear to be, that in- " duced him to commit even the appearance " of a crime. I have not enquired particu- " cularly into his caſe, but I ſhall in the " evening, and if he has not deceived me, " he is an object of great compaſſion." " Young gentleman," ſaid an old man who ſat reading the Gazette in one corner of the room, with a tarniſhed laced waiſtcoat and an ivory headed cane hung to his wriſt by a greaſy leather thong, " if you believe every fine ſtory " that every fellow you pick up in the ſtreet " tells you, you will have enough to do, I " promiſe you. They are all objects of com- " paſſion, if you believe them; though if the " truth was known, one half of them de- " ſerve to be whipped." " And what, Sir, ſaid Mr. Beville, " may the other half de- ſerve?" " Why, if one could diſtinguiſh " which was which," replied the old gentle- man, " may be ſome of them may deſerve to " be relieved; but that is very difficult." " It " may, Sir," replied Mr. Beville, " but not " impracticable; and believe me, the man " who checks the inclination which he feels " in his breaſt to do a humane action, from a " fear of being impoſed on, but little deſerves

" to

" to have opportunities of doing good thrown " in his way." " Opportunities of doing " good !" muttered the old gentleman. " Yes, " Sir, opportunities of doing good," replied Mr. Beville. " Believe me, Sir, opportunities " of making people happy, are not ſo frequent " as you may imagine ; and if you have a good " heart, you will find that there cannot be a " greater puniſhment for having neglected one, " when it was in your power, than to be ſen- " ſible of your neglect, and not eaſily find " another." " I hope, Sir," ſaid the ſtranger, with a contemptuous ſneer, " that you have " a good eſtate." " Yes, Sir," replied the baronet, who had liſtened to the converſation with infinite pleaſure, " my boy has a good " eſtate, and thank God he has a heart and " an underſtanding which will lead him to " make a good uſe of it." The old gentle- man ſtared at Sir George, and returned to his Gazette.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

More of Mr. Norris's Reflections upon Prudence. He meets with an old Acquaintance, who relates his Hiſtory.

THE gentlemen retired to dreſs, and Mr. Beville went immediately to Mr. Norris's apartment, whom he found juſt returned from his ride. He told him the adventure he had met with, and received the greateſt pleaſure he could receive, the applauſe of his friend for the part he had acted, and for the humanity and juſtice of his ſentiments in his converſation with the old gentleman at the coffee-houſe. "Is it impoſſible," cried Norris, "for a man to live ſixty years in the world "without loſing that amiable tenderneſs which "almoſt every young man feels for objects in "diſtreſs! Does the ill-behaviour of ſome "individuals neceſſarily produce in men, who "have been much converſant in the world, "that hard callous way of thinking which is "ſo erroneouſly called prudence! How rare "is it to meet with a man who has lived much "in the world, who has not perſuaded himſelf "that caution is always the reſult of wiſdom!

"I

"I dare ſwear, that that man you met with at "the coffee-houſe never taſtes any pleaſure "pure and unmixed, becauſe he always ſuſ-"pects, that he is impoſed upon in ſome ſhape "or other. If his wine is palatable, he ſays, "Aye, it is a pretty good mixture, but it is not "genuine; theſe dogs, Sir, write neat as im-"ported, as a cuſtom-houſe officer takes an "oath for form's ſake;" if he ſees a fine wo-"man, he ſays, "Ten to one but ſhe is "painted, if you was near enough to ſee it;" "if he is ſhewn a fine horſe, he ſays, "Aye, "theſe jockeys, Sir, can make them do juſt as "they think proper, and look juſt as fat or as "lean as they pleaſe; when he comes to work, "he may be quite another thing." And thus "does he go on ſacrificing all his enjoyments "to his prudence, and has no ſatisfaction left, "but that of having it ſaid by people as wiſe as "himſelf, "That Mr. Such-a-one is a very "ſenſible man, and not eaſily impoſed on." "By any body," ſaid Mr. Beville, "but him-"ſelf." He then informed his friend that he had engaged to meet the poor fellow at the coffee-houſe in the evening, and deſired him to accompany him; to which he very readily agreed, and they parted till dinner. After dinner the baronet and the governor adjourned to billiards, and Mr. Beville and Norris ſtrolled upon the Parade, enjoying the proſpect which is from

thence

thence rich beyond deſcription, and conveys in its full force the ſtriking effect, which is always produced by fine ſtone buildings riſing amongſt wood. Norris was pointing out to his friend ſome beauties he had diſcovered in his morning's ride, when the latter happening to turn his head, ſaw the poor object who had been his morning's entertainment, for ſurely relieving a heart-felt diſtreſs is an entertainment of no mean kind, turning the corner into *Pierpont* Street with a quickneſs in his ſtep which made him ſeem impatient to gain ſome leſs frequented part of the town. Mr. Beville called to him, and he approached with all that baſhful glow in his face which ariſes from a mixture of confuſion and gratitude. He had hardly time to ſay ſomething to him by way of encouragement, before his attention was called off to Mr. Norris, who exclaimed with great eagerneſs, "Good God, is it poſſible! "Can your name be Barker?" "Indeed, "Sir," replied the poor man, "it is. Can "you, Mr. Norris, have the generoſity to ac- "knowledge me in this diſtreſſed ſituation?" Mr. Beville ſaw the ſcene was growing too intereſting for public view, ſo haſtened them both to his lodgings, where Mr. Norris and the ſtranger had liberty to indulge the various emotions which this meeting produced in each of them. "I fancy Mr. Norris," ſaid the ſtranger,

ſtranger, "you little expected to meet the once "gay Jere Barker in this ſituation. Alas! I "little expected ever to have felt it; but I "thank God I have nothing to reproach my-"ſelf with; and I truſt from this gentleman's "bounty I may ſtill live to ſee better days. "O, Sir," continued he, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Beville, "you know not; pardon me, "I cannot reſtrain my tears; you know not "what eaſe you have given to two hearts al-"moſt broken." Mr. Beville begged him to compoſe himſelf, and aſked in what condition he found his family at his return. "They "are alive, Sir," replied he. "My wife, "my child, are alive; my poor Charlotte is "at this time divided between her prayers for "your happineſs, and for the life of her in-"fant; may heaven grant the one, though it "ſhould deny the other." Mr. Norris then begged his friend to give him ſome account of this ſtrange reverſe in his ſituation, ſince he left him a gay fellow-commoner at the univerſity. "My ſtory, Sir," replied he, "is very "ſhort, though not the leſs miſerable.

"My father, to whoſe peculiarities you, "Mr. Norris, are no ſtranger, from the ac-"count you have heard of him, at the time "of my leaving the univerſity, was willing to "ſettle me happily in the world, and to that "purpoſe thought, that in propoſing to me

"an

" an alliance with a young lady of great for-
" tune, he offered me every thing that was
" neceſſary. He argued, from the greatneſs
" of his eſtate, that I had a right to demand
" a ſuitable fortune with a wife. Alas! I ſaw
" with different eyes, and, from the ſame ar-
" gument, drew a very different concluſion,
" that money was not ſo eſſential a point for
" me to look for in a wife, as it would have
" been if his eſtate had not been ſo large.
" The perſon he recommended to me had no-
" thing indeed but her fortune to recommend
" her; had I therefore been at liberty, I could
" not, according to my notions of conjugal du-
" ties, have had the leaſt thought of entering
" into any ſuch an engagement with her. But
" I had a ſtronger objection than that; I was
" not at liberty;—I had contracted myſelf by
" every tie, except a legal one, to a young
" lady, a diſtant relation of my own, who
" wanted nothing but fortune to make her
" the object of my father's choice as well as
" my own; but this was with him an inſu-
" perable objection. Accordingly, when I
" told him my engagements with her, and
" urged them as a plea for not accepting his
" offer, he abſolutely forbid me ever to ſee
" or think of her as a wife more, on pain of
" being for ever abandoned and caſt off to the
" wide world. I argued, but the idea of mo-

" ney

" ney outweighed all I could ſay; he was pe-
" remptory, and left me with a repetition of
" threats. What could I do? Not only my
" heart, but my honour, my all was engaged
" to my Charlotte; in that caſe can a man
" heſitate? I hoped my father might not be
" inexorable; but even if he ſhould, my con-
" ſcience would not ſuffer me to forſake my
" promiſes. Either virtue is but a name, or
" it will demand ſome ſacrifices to be made to
" it. Prudence might ſuggeſt to me to com-
" promiſe the matter with my father, and of-
" fer not to marry at all without his conſent,
" provided he would not force me to it con-
" trary to my own inclinations; but can pru-
" dence be conſiſtent with baſeneſs? What
" would you, Sir, what would you, Mr. Nor-
" ris, think of a man who ſhould forſake
" a ſiſter, a friend, a relation of your own,
" after having engaged himſelf to her by every
" tie which can bind a man of honour, I
" may ſay a man? No, I can never be per-
" ſuaded that ſuch prudence is not criminal;
" it comes too late. If it ſhould be objected
" that I was wrong in engaging myſelf ſo far,
" before I knew my father's ſentiments, I can
" only ſay I was indiſcreet; but ought I to
" have atoned for my indiſcretion by baſe-
" neſs, by inhumanity? This was the way in
" which I argued; I was convinced myſelf,

" and

" and acted according to my conviction; I
" married, and tried by every means to re-
" concile my father to what I had done; but
" without effect. He immediately forbad me
" his houſe, and every body to mention my
" name to him. Deſtitute of every thing
" but a ſmall ſtock of clothes, and a few
" guineas in my pocket, which was every
" thing upon earth that I could call my own,
" my wife's friends, who entirely depended
" upon my father, afraid to give us any aſſiſt-
" ance, we wandered up to London, as the
" place moſt likely to relieve, or at leaſt to
" conceal our miſery. I had ſome talents,
" to which I was obliged to have recourſe
" for a ſubſiſtence; I applied to ſome
" bookſellers for employment; but found
" the difficulties in that way more than I was
" aware of, and the relief from that quarter
" was ſo ſlow, as not to anſwer the immediate
" preſſure of our neceſſities; I therefore laid
" aſide the thoughts of writing, and turned
" my views another way, which ſeemed to
" offer a leſs precarious ſcheme of relief: I
" engaged myſelf to play a fiddle at one of
" the play-houſes, and by that means ſup-
" ported myſelf and my wife for ſome months
" pretty tolerably; but a dangerous fever
" ſeizing me, prevented my attending for
" ſome nights, and I was diſcharged; and,
" before I was able to crawl about, I had

" contracted a debt of ſome pounds, which it
" was abſolutely impoſſible for me to pay.
" The dread of a jail made me commit
" the only act of injuſtice which I have to
" reproach myſelf with, and that was the
" leaving my lodging by ſtealth, and together
" with my poor wife, at that time very near
" her time of lying in, ſetting out, on foot,
" for this place, (without giving my landlord
" any hopes of payment,) where I hoped to
" get ſome employment either as a performer
" or a copyiſt of muſic. I little thought,
" Mr. Norris, when you and I uſed to ſtudy
" muſic together, that I ſhould ever be obliged
" to my fiddle for any thing but amuſe-
" ment. It was not without the greateſt
" difficulty that we reached this place, where
" I hired a garret at one ſhilling a week, for
" which I paid, as a week's rent before-hand,
" one of the three ſhillings I was worth in
" the world. The day after we arrived, my poor
" wife was brought to bed, which is now five
" days ago. Imagine to yourſelves how we
" have ſubſiſted ſince that time: it is a period
" I cannot dwell upon: may the Almighty
" never ſuffer me to forget, even for a minute
" of my life, the goodneſs of this gentleman,
" who has preſerved me from the miſery of
" ſeeing all I hold dear periſh before my
" eyes."

CHAP. V.

Mr. Beville's Generoſity. Mr. Barker's Gratitude. Mr. Beville's Forgetfulneſs. The Advantage of a clear Conſcience in aukward Circumſtances. A Lady introduced.

MR. Barker's ſtory made a great impreſſion on Mr. Beville and his old acquaintance Norris, who was again going to launch into his favourite topic, and inveigh with his uſual bitterneſs againſt that intereſted prudence which renders a man deaf to all the pleas of humanity, and even paternal love; but Mr. Beville ſtopped him, by reminding him, that thoſe general reflections might be, and certainly were, very juſt, but that his friend would not be a bit eaſier for knowing the injuſtice of his fate, or for learning the true ſource of his miſery, and that they had therefore much better wave all obſervations on that head for the preſent, and conſult upon the propereſt method of being ſerviceable to him; "and," ſaid he, "as Mr. Barker has "been now a long time abſent from his charge, "we will releaſe him for the preſent, and de- "ſire to ſee him here again to-morrow morn-

" ing. Will you, Mr. Norris, attend your " friend, and ſee his family accommodated in " a better manner than they are at preſent; " and I will talk with my father about what " can be done to ſupport him in a creditable " way, till the old gentleman can be brought " to hear reaſon, which I doubt not he will " be, by our mediation, ſome time or other." Norris very gladly accepted the commiſſion; and Mr. Barker burſt out into all thoſe effuſions of gratitude which naturally flow from a good heart under the ſenſe of great obligations, but which, however affecting they may be to the parties concerned, I ſhall omit, as they make but a cold figure in detail. The two friends went together, and Mr. Beville went to join the baronet and the governor at the rooms, with all that honeſt exultation in his heart, and placid chearfulneſs in his countenance, which ariſe from a conſciouſneſs of having done a good action.—On his entering the room, he was not a little ſurpriſed to hear a young fellow of his acquaintance cry out, " Enter Charles Beville drunk." But ſo entirely had his attention, and indeed his whole heart, been taken up with the humane buſineſs in which he had been engaged, that he had never once recollected that it was ball-night, and that he was engaged to dance with a lady to whom he was very little known, till

he

he had got within the room door, and he then found himſelf in the midſt of three hundred well dreſſed people, in his morning frock, his hair in diſhevelle, and his hat upon his head: ſo that his friend's conjecture did not ſeem upon the whole to be very ill-grounded. A fool, or a man whoſe forgetfulneſs had proceeded from the having been engaged in ſome unwarrantable purſuit, would have confirmed the ſuſpicion of his drunkenneſs, by leaving the room as precipitatedly as he had entered it; but Mr. Beville, with all the pride of conſcious innocence and integrity of heart, went up to the lady to whom he was engaged, and who had waited for him till ſhe was tired, and had at length ſat down to loo, and ſaid, "I "ought, Madam, to make an apology to you "for coming ſo late, and alſo for coming in "this diſhabille; but either I have been greatly "deceived with regard to Miſs Clayton's cha-"racter, or ſhe would have a very ill opinion "of the man who ſcrupled to ſacrifice two "hours happineſs to the duties of humanity." The young lady, who had prepared a good deal of raillery againſt his arrival, and expected an aukward unintelligible ſpeech of— "Madam——I am ſure——unhappy—— "abſence from you——puniſhment ſuffi-"cient——miſerable——," and ſo forth, was little diſconcerted at ſo extraordinary a

compliment; delivered with the greateſt compoſure. Recovering herſelf however, "Aye," ſaid ſhe, "I ſuppoſe you have been taking "care of the pick-pocket whom I heard juſt "now you reſcued in the morning." Mr. Beville aſſured her that he had. "And that," cried ſhe, "you think is a ſufficient excuſe for "having kept me from dancing twenty pretty "dances." "Indeed, Madam," ſaid he, "if you knew the miſerable ſituation of the "gentleman whom you miſcall a pick-pocket, "you would, I dare ſay, think it more than "ſufficient." "Well," replied ſhe, "you "may tell it me if you will, for I am juſt "this minute very melancholy; I have not "had a hand to play upon this half hour, "and I ſhall take this opportunity of leaving "off." Mr. Beville then told her the outlines of Mr. Barker's ſtory, and had the ſatisfaction to ſee all the little playful raillery, which ſhe endeavoured to exert, ſettle by degrees into an anxious attention; and when he had concluded, he ſaw, in ſpite of her endeavours to hide it, a tear ſteal down her cheek.—I do not know, reader, whether you recollect, or ever ſaw, a ſong of Mr. Handel's in the Oratorio of Hercules, the words of which contain a pretty thought with much truth in it.

When

When beauty ſorrow's liv'ry wears,
Our paſſions take the fair one's part;
Love dips his arrows in her tears,
And ſends them pointed to the heart.

The poet ſeems to have had an eye to ſorrows ariſing from the fair one's own diſtreſs, which naturally excites pity, from whence the tranſition to love is not more eaſy than obvious; but how much more does affliction demand our love, when it proceeds from compaſſion for another's woes! What delightful prepoſſeſſions does it give one in favour of the heart, the temper, the diſpoſition of the beautiful mourner! And how abſolutely void of ſenſibility muſt that man be, who could ſee, unmoved, the tear of compaſſion ſtealing down the cheek of beauty! Mr. Beville was not that man: he did more than ſee that tear, he felt it; and that ſingle inſtance of ſenſibility in Miſs Clayton had a greater effect upon him, than all the beauty and all the accompliſhments he had ever met with in his life. A very ſentimental kind of diſcourſe enſued from this introduction for a couple of hours after the lady left the card table, which if it had been overheard would have afforded no ſmall entertainment to the greateſt part of the company, but of a kind very different from that which the young couple themſelves enjoyed from it.

Whatever the converſation was, it certainly was not unintereſting to either of them, for when the clock ſtruck eleven, they were almoſt the only two people in the room who had not obſerved that they had been ſitting two hours in a corner of the room in cloſe conference with each other, without taking the leaſt notice of any other perſon in it. Such circumſtances ſeldom paſs unnoticed in a place where it is the peculiar and conſtant buſineſs of every perſon to take notice and make remarks, perhaps not always the moſt favourable, upon every thing which paſſes round them. It was not therefore to be wondered at, that Mr. Beville and Miſs Clayton had, before they parted for the evening, ſufficiently ſet the whiſperers to work. Nor could they even contain themſelves enough to refrain from telling them ſo, for as Mr. Beville was conducting the lady to her chair, a ſprightly young lady of his acquaintance told him ſhe did not wonder that he had forgot to dreſs before he came to the ball, and only hoped ſhe might not ſee him at the pump-room the next morning in his night-cap. He thanked her for her caution, though a little diſconcerted at the uneaſineſs he ſaw the ſarcaſm gave to Miſs Clayton. When he had ſeen her ſafe into her chair, he went home and found Sir George, the governor (whom by the way he had never

once thought of looking for at the rooms) and Mr. Norris, ſitting down to ſupper. Norris had juſt finiſhed the hiſtory of his friend Barker, which he had been relating to Sir George and the governor with ſuch circumſtances as intereſted them ſtrongly in his favour, and Sir George determined to do every thing in his power to reſtore him to the good graces of his father, to whom he was not abſolutely unknown, as he had an eſtate in the neighbourhood in which old Mr. Barker lived. The governor aſked Mr. Beville how it happened that he was not at the rooms. Mr. Beville replied, that he was that inſtant come from thence. "In that dreſs!" cried the governor. "As you ſee," ſaid he. "How "ſo!" cried the baronet, who was rather an advocate for forms. "Why really, Sir," replied Mr. Beville, "I was ſo taken up with "Mr. Norris and his friend, that I entirely "forgot to put on any other." The governor held up his hands. The baronet's eyes gliſtened with pleaſure. "And "what," cried the governor, "did people "ſay? I fancy you had enough to put you "in mind of it when you came there." "One ſaid I was drunk," replied Mr. Beville. "Another bid me not come to the "pump-room to-morrow in my night-cap." "And how," cried Norris, "did you feel?"

"I never," returned he, "my friend, felt "happier in my whole life than I have done "ſince I ſaw you laſt." He ſaid this with a ſmile which made Norris comprehend that he meant ſomething particular by it. "I "wonder," ſaid the governor, "I did not "ſee you, for I was amongſt the thickeſt of "them all night." "Poſſibly," replied Mr. Beville, "that was the reaſon, for I ſat by a "card table part of the time I was there, and "the remainder I paſſed at a corner of the "room, chatting with a lady, and took but "little notice of any body." "That is very "odd," ſaid the governor,

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Mr. Beville in love. A Baronet and his Lady introduced.

THE gentlemen retired; but not all of them to reſt. Mr. Beville found no inclination for ſleep; he ſat down to read, and found as little for that; he thought, he ſighed, he knew not well for what: he pitied Mr. Barker, and thought he ſighed for him: he forgot Mr. Barker, and ſtill he ſighed. O reader, if thou art young, thou canſt help him to the cauſe of his anxiety; if thou art old, perhaps thou mayeſt laugh at him; if thou art between both, thou wilt envy him; for he enjoyed the moſt delicious of all ſenſations, an anxiety cauſed by abſence from the object of a firſt paſſion, juſt ſpringing up in a virtuous mind. Miſs Clayton had laid faſt hold of his heart, though in ſo ſecret a manner that he himſelf hardly knew it. In truth ſhe was as well qualified to inſpire a paſſion of the moſt lively and the moſt durable kind, as it is poſſible to conceive a young lady to be. In her perſon ſhe was almoſt tall, and almoſt thin, and the trifle which prevented her being perfectly

either, was greatly to her advantage; her face had every advantage that features and complexion could beſtow upon it, heightened by an animated ſenſibility in her aſpect, which ſhewed at one glance the excellence of her heart and her underſtanding. She was graceful and commanding in her air, and with the greateſt affability, eaſe and ſweetneſs in her manner, poſſeſſed at the ſame time that dignity of character which keeps impertinence at a diſtance: in the moſt ſcrupulous politeneſs ſhe had the advantage of joining a certain gaiety, equally free both from reſtraint and pertneſs. She had every accompliſhment which is an ornament to her ſex, and the characteriſtic of her underſtanding was taſte, ſo that they were not thrown away upon her. With theſe attractions it was no wonder that ſhe made the impreſſion which ſhe did upon Mr. Beville.

In the morning he was rather ſurprized to find himſelf the firſt perſon at the pump-room, as early riſing was not in general his foible; but he came to look for what he hardly knew he had loſt.—A trifling incident often diſcovers a man's heart to others; as trifling a one often diſcovers it to himſelf.—Mr. Beville was amuſing himſelf with looking into the bath, through a window on which ſome ſcribbling puppy had written, "Charming Harriet Clay-"ton." He ſtarted as if he had ſeen a ghoſt;

and from that inſtant ſuſpected the true cauſe of his ſleepleſs night. The pump-room began to fill, and noiſe and ceremony put an end to a delightful reverie into which he had fallen; in conſequence of which however he placed himſelf on a bench oppoſite the door, in order to have a diſtinct view of every body that entered. His friend Norris was amongſt the firſt whom he ſaw, who expreſſed his ſurprize at finding him gone out when he called at his room according to his cuſtom, the firſt thing he did in the morning, as it had been much more uſual for to find him in bed. As this was the firſt time that Mr. Beville had been guilty of forgetting his friend, ſo it was the firſt alſo in which he was almoſt aſhamed to tell the truth: he heſitated; and Norris's penetration told him that all was not as calm in his breaſt as uſual. He was on the point of inquiring the cauſe of this change, when the arrival of Lady Clayton and her daughter both prevented the inquiry and made it needleſs. Mr. Beville flew to join them, and his whole look and behaviour told the ſtate of his heart too plainly for his friend to miſtake it. Indeed he was ſuch a ſtranger to diſguiſe, that he would have intruſted the whole pump-room with his ſecret, had not a check from the fineſt pair of eyes in the world reminded him of his indiſcretion, and ſhewed him the propriety of throwing a

little

little reſerve into his behaviour. How painful is reſerve to an open and liberal mind! Mr. Beville had ſuch a noble conſciouſneſs of the rectitude of his own intentions, that it ſeemed almoſt a crime to endeavour to conceal them; and he had great difficulty in reſtraining himſelf from diſcovering and urging his paſſion before an hundred witneſſes. Norris, who like Mentor watched every look of his Telemachus, ſaw his ſituation, admired and pitied it: he feared leſt his openneſs ſhould betray him into ſome indiſcretion, and expoſe him to the ridicule of thoſe who were ſeldom conſcious of any paſſion but what it was for their advantage to conceal. He endeavoured to divert his attention and to draw him off to ſomething elſe; he talked of the muſic, the weather; propoſed walking, riding, breakfaſting; but it was all in vain; Mr. Beville either heard him not, or marked him not; he heard and ſaw nothing but Miſs Clayton; and when the ladies retired to breakfaſt, he attended them, and left his friend to purſue his amuſements alone. When they arrived at their lodgings, Lady Clayton civilly aſked Mr. Beville if he would not walk in; and as Miſs Clayton's eyes did not forbid him, he accepted the invitation. Sir Harry Clayton was juſt riſen, and received Mr. Beville in his damaſk night-gown and yellow ſlippers, with all the bows and formality

lity belonging to a courtier of the laſt age. And here, reader, as I have introduced you into a new family of no ſmall conſequence in the remaining part of this hiſtory, it may not be improper to give you ſome inſight into the character and ſituation of thoſe, of whom it was compoſed. Sir Harry Clayton was on the wrong ſide of ſixty years of age; five-and-thirty of which had been ſpent in the drawing room. For he had been early introduced there by his father, who had ſpent his own life in dangling about court, and by whoſe intereſt Sir Harry had obtained a place, which intailed the ſame kind of employment or rather idleneſs upon him. His underſtanding was juſt adequate to the ſubjects upon which, in ſuch a ſituation, it was likely to be employed: he was poſſeſſed of what is called a thorough knowledge of the world; by which is meant the manners of people in the ſuperior ranks of life; knew all the myſtery of forms and ceremonies, and was thoroughly acquainted with all the marriages and intermarriages of every family of rank in the kingdom. Moſt people are fond of attending to thoſe things, from the conſideration of which ſome credit may be reflected on themſelves: Sir Harry Clayton therefore, as he had reaſon to be ſatisfied with his own deſcent and connections, had from his youth made an inquiry into the affairs of the Heralds Office

Office his whole buſineſs and amuſement; and was perhaps far better qualified to have written a *Peerage of England* than Garter King at Arms, or Rouge Dragon, or any of thoſe parti-coloured officers of the court of honor, who, as a great man complained on a late ſolemnity, are but too often ſo ſilly as not to know their own ſilly buſineſs. Sir Harry was not that; trifling as this knowledge may ſeem, he had ſpared no pains to make himſelf maſter of it, and indeed entertained but a contemptible opinion of any one who happened to be deficient in it.—By the way, reader, did you never obſerve that the more inſignificant an art or ſcience is, the more vain the profeſſors of it are of their knowledge: as it generally gives them a ſuperiority in that reſpect over men of the greateſt learning and genius, who are ignorant in the affair, merely from thinking it beneath their attention.—Sir Harry Clayton was never ſo happy as when he was inſtructing a perſon in the ſecret hiſtory of ſome inſignificant family, who poſſibly could have inſtructed him in the ſecret hiſtory of every court in Europe. Upon this affair of family, he regulated his behaviour to all mankind; and paid every man his proportion of honour, reſpect, civility, or contempt, not according to his own merit, but that of his great grandfather. With the generality of mankind, money

ney will purchaſe reſpect as well as every thing elſe; it had no ſuch effect with Sir Harry Clayton; he would rather have bruſhed the hat of a man of quality in rags, than have pulled off his own to a Bourgeois, with the wealth of a Nabob, whom he had knocked a-head, in his pocket. Indeed he had for the greateſt part of his life teſtified ſuch a contempt for money conſiderations, that trade and commerce were the conſtant objects of his ridicule, till he was near fifty years of age: but an accident which happened about that time, if it did not abſolutely alter his opinion, at leaſt effectually ſtopped his raillery on this ſubject. About this time it happened, whether from ſome hints from his ſteward, or ſome importunate requeſts from thoſe gentry who are ſo miſtaken as to place ſome of their happineſs in the enjoyment of money, eſpecially of that to which they conceive they have ſome ſort of right, and who are apt, in conſequence of this notion, to break in upon the delicious reveries of people of faſhion, who, tho' they think ſuch things infinitely beneath their notice, are ſometimes obliged to attend to them; but upon what occaſion it was I cannot particularly tell; but it happened that Sir Harry Clayton was brought to be ſenſible that money was not be left entirely out of a gentleman's plan of happineſs any more than a mechanick's;

mechanick's; he found that his pedigree would not pay his butcher nor his taylor; in ſhort, he found that he had ſupported his rank at a greater expence than his eſtate would bear, and had in conſequence of it involved himſelf in ſome diſtreſſes, from which he would have found ſome difficulty in extricating himſelf, had not the widow of a rich Hamburgh merchant thought it worth her while to give him ſeventy-thouſand pounds for a title. This lady was the perſon, who together with her daughter-in-law, for Miſs Clayton was the iſſue of a former marriage, made up the remaining part of the Clayton family. Though this lady's notions were as different from thoſe of her huſband, as eaſt from weſt, or black from white, yet I am inclined to think that this difference aroſe merely from their having had a different education, and that their underſtandings were nevertheleſs very much alike. They both had the higheſt idea of what they had been taught to conſider as the *ſummum bonum*, and the moſt ſovereign contempt for every thing elſe; his happened to be honour; her's, money. The ſame degree of veneration which he had for the houſe of lords, ſhe had for a court of aldermen; and the high idea he entertained of a duke, ſhe transferred to a lord-mayor. His attention was intirely taken up with rank, family, precedency, and birth-

day

day ſuits; her head was as full with wealth, ſcrip, omnium, conſols, and lord-mayors ſhews. The ſame ſhallow ideas, and the ſame narrow channel in which they flowed, were conſpicuous in both, only they were turned by education in different directions.—And here, reader, give me leave to make a remark; that the underſtandings of the generality of people, till you get beyond a certain elevation, are exactly alike: one notion of great and little, good and evil, is common to them all, and it is education alone which determines whether this ſhall center in a lord or an alderman, a ſeat in parliament, or a ſeat in the ſaddle, a bank bill, or a butter-fly. It is a certain elevation of mind alone, a ſenſibility of what is great and good, a comprehenſive view of what is deſireable or contemptible, which ſets a man above the common level, and ſhews him every thing in its true light. This is the exalted turn of mind which makes a perſon of refined ſentiments deſpiſe the generality of the world, and which makes them, alas! deſpiſe him in their turn.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A Breakfaſt. A Diſſertation on Lions. An intereſting Event, which ſhifts the Scene of the Hiſtory for the preſent.

"SIR Harry," ſaid Lady Clayton, "I "have brought Mr. Beville to *wiſit* you "this morning." "Mr. Beville," replied Sir Harry, running to meet him, "does me "the higheſt honour. I remember your mo- "ther, Sir, being preſented; ſhe was a very "fine woman at that time, I think ſhe was a "Cholmondeley: I am highly flattered by a "viſit from a perſon of your rank and figure." Mr. Beville made a proper return to theſe civil ſpeeches, and the company ſat down to breakfaſt. The weather, the rooms, the company, the new buildings, and ſo forth, employed the converſation in their turns according to cuſtom. It was obſerved, that it was cold, that it was warmer than it had been, that there were a great many people of faſhion at Bath, that Bath would ſoon be as big as London, ("but, ſaid Lady Clayton, "not "half ſo rich,") and twenty other ſuch obſervations

ſervations were made; to all which Mr. Beville gave ſo quiet an aſſent, that one part of the company thought him very well-bred, another thought him rather ſtupid, but the third knew he was only in love; which ſhe knew full well, and ſo poſſibly reader may you, was a ſufficient excuſe for neither hearing, ſeeing, nor underſtanding like other people. In ſhort, Mr. Beville's whole attention was ſo taken up with the daughter, that he had no more to ſpare for the father and mother than was juſt ſufficient to enable him to give a ſhort aſſent to what they ſaid. If ever you have been in love, reader, as I ſincerely hope you have, both for my ſake and your own, you will eaſily underſtand, without my endeavouring to deſcribe it, the very aukward ſituation a man is in who is obliged to entertain his miſtreſs before other company, to whom his paſſion is ſuppoſed to be a ſecret. The conſtraint which is thrown upon every word and geſture renders this ſituation not only the moſt painful, but the moſt diſadvantageous, that a man can appear in: the timid look, the forced ſmile, the unintelligent half-laugh, the air *diſtrait* of a man in this ſituation, cannot fail, with thoſe who have not penetration enough to ſee the real cauſe, to make him look like a fool; and even with thoſe who ſee through his heart, I am not ſure that he looks like much better.

better. Lady Clayton was bleſſed with a vacancy of face which did not accuſe her of much penetration; and Sir Harry employed the little he was maſter of, in endeavouring to diſcover whether every man who had the dreſs and appearance of a gentleman was ſo in reality: a reſearch which in ſuch a place as Bath would have found full employment for all his talents in this way, had they been much more conſiderable than they really were. Mr. Beville was therefore in little danger of having his ſentiments diſcovered by either of them, and it was the leſs wonder that they began to entertain an opinion of him not greatly to the credit of his underſtanding; ſo that upon his taking his leave, which was not till after many fruitleſs attempts on his part, and many hints of its growing late, and being time to dreſs, &c. on that of the ladies, Sir Harry remarked that Mr. Beville was a civil young man, but ſeemed to have ſeen but little of the world; and Lady Clayton ſaid, "I don't "know, he ſeems queeriſh, I think." Miſs Clayton did not give her opinion.

Mr. Beville was returning through the Grove to his lodgings, when he was hailed by the governor, who had been admiring a diamond wind-mill, which had been deſigned by ſome ingenious milliner, I hope with no ſatirical view, as an ornament for ſome lady's head; and

and afforded, till it could be ſold, a ſpectacle for idle people to go to admire; and on account of the richneſs of the diamonds, the mechaniſm of its rotation, and the novelty of the thought, it made no inconſiderable figure amongſt the *Lions* of Bath.

Reader, if you do not underſtand the meaning of that word in this place, I will inform you, that not only the Tower of London, but alſo every town in England and Wales, as alſo the town of Berwick upon Tweed, for any thing I know to the contrary, is furniſhed with its lions; that is to ſay, ſomething or other which the good-natured inhabitants eſteem worthy the notice of ſtrangers; and which accordingly every ſtranger is carried to ſee. Which ſights have acquired the name of *Lions* from the conſtant cuſtom of the cockneys, who never fail to carry their country couſins the morning after their arrival in town, to ſee the lions at the Tower, as the ſight I ſuppoſe univerſally deemed the moſt worthy obſervation of any in the metropolis. In return for which acceptable compliment, for without doubt a lion is a noble beaſt, when it comes to the couſin's turn to entertain his London friends at his houſe in ſome fair market-town in the country, it is hard but he will find ſome lion for his entertainment: as there is hardly a town in the kingdom ſo deſpicable,

as

as not to afford one lion at leaſt. Where a cathedral, a ſea-port, a manufacture, or a nobleman's ſeat is not to be had, we muſt be contented with a ring of bells, an aſſembly room, a ſeſſions-houſe, a narrow gravel-walk with two rows of blighted lime trees, called, to be ſure, the Mall, or a remnant of a Roman pavement: or, if the worſt comes to the worſt, we muſt mount, by worn-out ſteps loaded with jack-daws neſts, to the top of the ſteeple, from whence, with the help of an eight-penny ſpying-glaſs, we may trace the road we travelled the day before, and count twelve or fourteen church-ſteeples. In ſhort, whether it is this or that, there is ſtill a *Lion*, to which every ſtranger, in ſpite of wind, rain, heat, cold, want of feet, breath or inclination, muſt be dragged, under pain of being thought a ſtupid fellow, without a grain of laudable curioſity in his compoſition; which cannot fail of giving the higheſt diſguſt to his friends, who would give him the beſt lion they have, with which he ought to be ſatisfied; if it happens to turn out not worthy his notice, then he may take care never to go to that town any more; as a town is certainly worth very little without a lion; and on the contrary, the more and better lions a town has, the more worthy it is of being viſited. Lion-hunting in ſhort being the whole end

and

and deſign of travelling. For I would be glad to know what are all your Tours through Great-Britain and Ireland, your Six Week Tours to Paris, your Letters from a Gentleman on his Travels, with all the Journals of Voyages and Travels which ever were written, but ſo many catalogues of various *Lions*, to be ſeen in different parts of the world? Many of which a man may go a thouſand miles to ſee, and leave far better Lions, unlooked at, at home. Different men have different notions of Lion-hunting. One values no *Lions* but what are found at a diſtance, and are of foreign extraction, or at leaſt go by a hard name; another is pleaſed with any *Lion*, be he never ſo inſignificant, that is found in his own town, or more particularly if he is in his own poſſeſſion: one man again has much pleaſure in the ſport, and will ſearch every place he comes near for a *Lion*; another will jog on without enquiring after them from York to Exeter, and if they are pointed out to him by ſome good-natured intelligencer, will take pleaſure in ſlighting them, merely to ſhew that he has ſeen too much to be amuſed with trifles. I knew a man, reader, of this ſtamp, who made a tour through England, and kept a journal, wherein he carefully minuted every thing he did *not* ſee. His remarks chiefly ran in this manner. "29. Reached

" Briſtol in the evening; contrived to come " in in the dark, becauſe I was told to ob- " ſerve the ſize of the city from ſome hill " in the road, and the number of glaſs- " houſes it contained. 30. Would not go " to the Wells, nor ſee the key, nor the " iron draw-bridge, nor the new Exchange. " 31. Pretended I had got the head-ach, to eſ- " cape being dragged to ſee a fine proſ- " pect from Clifton-hill. Mem. Kicked the " drawer out of the room, for perſiſting in " telling me how many churches there were " in the town, and how many ſhips in " the road." In this manner did he go on, with as much ſatisfaction to himſelf, as if he had given a pompous account of every *Lion* in his road. Never was there a man ſo widely different from my friend as governor Beville; a *Lion* was to him meat, drink, and clothes; and rather than be without a *Lion*, he would frame one out of a petrified oyſter-ſhell, an old oak-tree, a new-faſhioned ſhooting-bag, or a new engine to cut cucumbers. Every thing the leaſt out of the common road was a *Lion*, and he ranſacked not only every ſtreet in every town, and every field about it, but the ſhop of every mechanic, and the lum- ber room of every houſe, to find them out; in ſhort, he might ſay with David, his ſoul was amongſt lions. What a ſituation was Bath for

a man

a man of this turn! It was heaven upon earth. Every ſtreet, every lane, every alley, every ſhop had its *Lion*, and cunning muſt that lion be which could eſcape him. He knew by name every knick-knack in every toy-ſhop; and if he had been bleſſed with a greater ſtrength of memory, would have known the motto upon every Bath ring.

The *Lion* which had ingroſſed his attention for ſeveral days, was an artificial auricula, which was ſtuck up in a millener's window, as a memorial of the ingenuity of ſome artiſt, who had compoſed it with ſo much art, as to impoſe upon a ſociety of floriſts, who had adjudged the prize to it which they annually gave for the beſt flower produced at their meeting. But this *Lion* began to wax old, and had been ſhewn to all his acquaintance ſo often, that he would have been diſtreſſed for a young *Lion* in his room, had not fortune luckily thrown this wind-mill in his way.

He was very happy in explaining the mechaniſm of his new *Lion* to Mr. Beville, when he was interrupted by a ſervant of Sir George's, who, without his hat, was running along the Grove, with diſtraction in his countenance, inquiring, of every perſon he met, after Mr. Beville and the governor. His confuſion was ſo great, that he had well-nigh repeated his queſtion to the very people he wanted; had

not Mr. Beville prevented him by exclaiming, "For heaven's ſake, John, what is the mat-"ter?" "O ſir, my maſter"——was all that John could utter. It was enough for Mr. Beville, who flew to the lodgings, where he found Sir George in the arms of Norris, who had juſt carried him into his chamber, to all appearance dead. In fact, he had been walking with Norris upon the Parade, and was ſeized with a fit of apoplexy, from which he never recovered. This melancholy event put all other thoughts out of Mr. Beville's head, and indeed affected him ſo deeply, that Norris and the governor found the greateſt difficulty in making him attend to the dictates of reaſon and religion, and rendering him patient under a loſs which no man could feel more ſeverely than he did. His underſtanding however at laſt took place, and he recovered his calmneſs ſufficiently to give the neceſſary orders for conveying his father's remains to the repoſitory of his anceſtors, whither no perſuaſions of his friends could prevent his accompanying them. All they could do was to prevail on him to ſet out the morning before the corpſe, that he might not have the melancholy ſight of the funeral parade for ſo long a journey. Accordingly Mr. Norris and the young baronet ſet out in a poſt-chaiſe, leaving the governor at Bath, where he

he ſeemed inclined to fix his future reſidence. Sir Charles Beville's grief did not ſo abſolutely ingroſs his mind, as to make him inattentive to Miſs Clayton. He diſpatched Norris to explain to her the occaſion of his ſudden abſence, and to inform her of his reſolution of returning to Bath as ſoon as he had paid the laſt duties to his father: a meſſage which ſhe had too much candour and goodneſs of heart to receive with an air of indifference; and Mr. Norris did not a little revive his drooping friend by the account he gave him of the behaviour of this amiable young lady upon this event, the thought of which, joined to the proſpect of future enjoyments, contributed to reſtore Sir Charles to his uſual tranquillity, and to ſupport his ſpirits under the melancholy diſcharge of the laſt duties to a parent, who had been the worthy object of his love and veneration ever ſince he was born.

END *of the* SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Addreſs to the Reader.

STAY, reader; may I beg a ſingle word
Before you enter on another book?
Pray,—if the queſtion is not too abſurd,
Vouchſafe to tell me only—how you look.

I always know a critic by his face,
His forehead's wrinkled, and his noſe is curl'd:
He never can ſit quiet in his place,
But fidgets up and down, for all the world,

As if he'd rode upon a trotting horſe,
With a hard ſaddle, many a weary mile;
And then he mutters out ſome words of courſe,
As piſh! and pſha!—then grins a ghaſtly ſmile.

Raiſing weak doubts, and ſtumbling over ſtraws,
At ev'ry word and ev'ry letter quib'ling;
Picking ſmall holes, and tearing little flaws,
Like a malicious mouſe who will be nibbling.

If thou art one of theſe, my reader dear,
Prithee lay down the book; it is not for ye;
Or if in ſpite thou needs wilt perſevere,
Stay half a minute whilſt I tell a ſtory.

In the warm climate of Virginia dwells,
Unknown to us, a coxcomb of a bird,
His creſt with variegated plumage ſwells,
And mock-bird is he call'd, for not a word

Or note has Nature given him of his own,
But only the pert talent of a fool,
Of better birds to imitate the tone,
Taking them off, by way of ridicule.

A night-

A nightingale, who, ſeated on a ſpray,
With her ſweet pipe regal'd the neighb'ring plains,
And heard our critic with his mimic lay,
To doleful ditties turn her love-lorn ſtrains.

With indignation thus addreſs'd the fool;
" My ſong may not be perfect, it is true;
" But as th' example's better than the rule,
" Pray, ſir, now let us have a ſong from " you."

CHAP. II.

Sir Charles Beville ſettles his Affairs at the Hall, and ſets out for Bath. Meets a Bath Acquaintance in London, and hears a Piece of News. Arrives at Bath, and viſits his Miſtreſs.

SIR Charles Beville's firſt care was to ſettle his houſhold, and the affairs relating to his eſtate, in ſuch a manner as might make the loſs of his father as little felt as poſſible both by tenants and ſervants, to all of whom he had been deſervedly dear. With the aſſiſtance of Mr. Norris he formed the plan of his houſhold, projected ſuch improvements in the houſe and its environs as were obviouſly wanted, and gave orders for putting them in execution, under the inſpection of Mr. Norris himſelf, who choſe to undertake that taſk rather than return to Bath with Sir Charles. The next ſtep which Sir Charles took was with regard to Norris himſelf, whom he immediately placed in a ſtate of independency. Sir George had ſome time before preſented him to the rectory of the pariſh where the family

family ſeat was ſituated; but as the houſe upon it was not a good one, and Sir Charles was inclined to take off every ſhadow of reſtraint from his friend, he threefore began his improvements by building an handſome parſonage houſe for him, upon the verge of his own park, in ſuch a ſituation as would render the two houſes mutual beauties in each other's view. He alſo ſettled, out of his own power, ſuch an annuity upon him, as, joined to the profits of his living, made his income equal to the utmoſt of his wiſhes. Here Mr. Norris propoſed to fix his future reſidence, and to ſuperintend his patron's affairs, whenever he ſhould be in town, where Sir Charles propoſed ſpending half the year, and where Mr. Norris propoſed being as little as poſſible; for he had an averſion to public life, which grew upon him every year. When every thing was ſettled at the hall, Sir Charles prepared to return to Bath, and having recommended to his friend to put every thing in as much forwardneſs as poſſible, told him his reſolutions with regard to Miſs Clayton, for whom he entertained too ſincere a paſſion to ſuffer him to be long happy without her, for which reaſon he determined to bring matters to as ſpeedy a concluſion as was conſiſtent with decorum. Mr. Norris highly applauded his choice, as well as his expedition, though he

foreſaw that he might poſſibly meet with more obſtacles to encounter in the affair than he ſeemed to be aware of. For ſuch was the quickneſs with which Sir Charles ſaw things, and the rapidity with which he executed them when they depended only on himſelf, that he ſaw no reaſon why he might not be married in a month. Norris, however differently he might judge, ſaid nothing that might check his ardour, but left him to find out his difficulties, and ſurmount them as he could. The two friends parted, after having agreed upon a conſtant intercourſe by letters; ſome of which having fallen into my hands, I ſhall preſent the reader with them in their proper places, as they may ſerve to elucidate different parts of this hiſtory.

Sir Charles took London in his way to Bath, and propoſed ſtaying there long enough to take a houſe and give directions for furniſhing it; in which he was ſo fortunate as to ſucceed in a few days. The evening before he left London, he was ſauntering in a coffee-houſe, and happened to meet with a gentleman with whom he had had ſome ſlight acquaintance at Bath; and naturally falling into converſation with him upon the company they had left there, he learned, amongſt other pieces of intelligence, that it was ſtrongly reported that Miſs Clayton was going to be married to an Iriſh

Irish peer. The idea of a rival had, till that inſtant, never entered his head; and that not from vanity, but merely from a dependance upon; not the profeſſions, for ſhe had made none, but the looks, the complacency, the tacit acknowledgements of eſteem, in ſhort, the whole demeanour of his miſtreſs. He was therefore ſo ſtruck with what he heard, that it was impoſſible for his companion not to ſee his confuſion; and, being of that order of men who think there is ſome amuſement in another's uneaſineſs, he continued his account of the match with ſo much circumſtantial accuracy, and dwelt ſo long upon the happineſs of the man who had a proſpect of paſſing his life with ſo charming a woman, that Sir Charles began to loſe all patience, and ſtarting from his ſeat, he wiſhed him a good night with ſo diſconcerted an air, that his companion could not help compleating his triumph, by burſting into a loud laugh. Sir Charles hardly knew how to take this mirth, which he was in no very proper time to reliſh; and would probably have aſked an explanation of it in terms not the moſt gentle, had not Mr. Sneer prevented him by ſaying, "My dear Sir Charles, I aſk your "pardon, but it was reported that you had a "tendre for Miſs Clayton, and I ſhould not "have ſaid ſo much upon the ſubject, had I not "been convinced of the contrary, by the indif-

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"ferent air with which you received the news "of her match; and I could not help "laughing to think of the diſappointment it "will be to the good company there, who "are in full expectation of a pretty rough "meeting between you and Lord B—— up-"on your return to Bath." Sir Charles had by this time recovered his temper, and whether he did not thoroughly enter into the ſpirit of Mr. Sneer's raillery, or did not think it worth reſenting, he coolly turned upon his heel and withdrew, to the great mortification of Mr. Sneer, who would have been very well pleaſed to have purſued his raillery farther; in which his chief amuſement lay, and in which he could not help indulging himſelf whenever an opportunity offered, notwithſtanding his having met with ſeveral diſagreeable rubs in conſequence of it; for, as he never took any pains to conſider the characters of people before he ventured to play upon them, he ſometimes met with thoſe who were ſo uncivil as not to be willing to be made the jeſt of the company; and ſome of them have returned ſuch a weighty repartee to his ſallies, as though it fell only on the outſide of his head, has made ſo deep an impreſſion upon him as never to be obliterated. Sir Charles had felt the edge of his talent before, and, to ſay truth, had ſome little comfort upon the preſent occaſion,

from

from knowing the character of the man, as he knew it was more than probable that the whole ſtory was the intire manufacture of his own brain, without any other view than to obſerve in what manner he would receive the intelligence. In this however he was at preſent miſtaken, for the ſtory, though not true in all its circumſtances, had more foundation than his ſtories generally had. Comforted however by the character of Mr. Sneer, Sir Charles went home to bed; but he found that he could not get the Iriſh peer ſufficiently out of his head to compoſe himſelf to reſt; ſo having tumbled and toſſed about till three o'clock, he rang his bell, and ordered his coach with all poſſible expedition; an order ſo contrary to his uſual ſedateneſs, for though he was quick, he was never in a hurry, that his ſagacious Frenchman muttered as he went down ſtairs, "Begar, my maſter ave leave ſometing at "Bath;" an opinion in which he was ſeconded by each of the ſervants, who, happening not to be in love, could have very well diſpenſed with two or three hours more ſleep. Sir Charles uſually travelled with his own horſes, as he was hardly ever in ſo great haſte as to be under a neceſſity of flying; a practice with which he always found great fault. He has often obſerved to Norris, that it was great pity there was not ſome officer whoſe buſineſs

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it ſhould be to ſtop every man travelling poſt, and inquire whether his buſineſs was ſuch as could juſtify his killing a horſe or two, riſquing the necks of half a dozen poſt-boys, throwing three or four ſervants into fevers, from exceſſive exerciſe in keeping up with their maſter's chaiſe, and forty other like accidents, which happen more or leſs every day, from the faſhionable mode of travelling; if he found that his buſineſs was nothing more than to attend a horſe-race, canvas a borough, or the mere ſatisfaction of ſaying at York, *I was in London this morning*, he ſhould then have authority to take off a pair of his horſes, and clap them to the chaiſe of ſome honeſt traveller, who, with leſs money, was going upon buſineſs of ten times the importance; to relieve the diſtreſs of a friend, receive the bleſſing of a dying parent, or any other cauſe which might juſtify and demand the greateſt diſpatch. This was the way in which Sir Charles had been uſed to reaſon, and I know not whether he included within his liſt of juſtifiable cauſes for travelling poſt, a man's being in love: whatever he had formerly done, he now found that it came clearly within the act; and accordingly he determined at Salt-Hill to put four poſt-horſes to his coach, and leave his own to proceed at their leiſure. Unluckily at the Wind-mill, where he firſt ſtopt, he

he was informed, that there was not a horſe fit to travel; that a certain peer had ſet out the minute before from thence, with four carriages and fourteen ſervants, and that every horſe belonging to the inn, which had a leg to ſtand on, was employed upon the occaſion; "and indeed, Sir," ſaid the landlord, "I "do much fear that not half of them will "get into Reading." "Was he an Iriſh "peer?" ſaid Sir Charles, with a ſmile. "No, Sir," replied the landlord, with a ſigh, "he is a Scotchman." "Then I wiſh him "a good journey," returned Sir Charles, and ordered his boys to proceed to the Caſtle, where he met with better ſucceſs; and proceeding from ſtage to ſtage, without one reflection upon the cruelty of travelling poſt, he arrived at Bath the ſecond day by noon; and having left the care of procuring lodgings to his ſervant, he dreſſed, and ſallied out immediately for Sir Harry Clayton's.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Sir Charles receives an Account of two Rivals inſtead of one. Conceives the moſt formidable Idea of Lord B. of the two. Meets him by Chance at Sir Harry Clayton's, hears him talk, and goes to a Concert with him.

SIR Charles's pulſe did not keep the moſt regular time as he proceeded to Sir Harry's lodgings; neither was his countenance very conſtant to one colour; and when he rapped at the door, hope, joy, fear and anxiety were conſpicuous in every feature. The door was opened by Mrs. Handy, Miſs Clayton's own woman, who received Sir Charles with a viſible ſatisfaction in her face, and a curſey down to the ground; and to his queſtion whether Sir Harry was at home, (for a certain timidity, which is both natural and unaccountable in theſe circumſtances, prevented his aſking immediately for the only perſon in the family whom he wanted to ſee,) anſwered with great eagerneſs, "No, Sir, but my "young lady is: ſhe has had a bad head-ach "all the morning, and is laid down upon "the

" the bed; but if you pleaſe to walk in, I'll
" wake her, and let her know you are here."
" By no means," ſaid Sir Charles; " I would
" not have her diſturbed; when ſhe wakes,
" preſent my compliments to her, and let her
" know I will attend her in the evening."
" Why, Sir," replied Mrs. Handy, " I dare
" ſay my lady would not be angry if I was
" to wake her; for ſhe was wiſhing for you
" but this morning." Sir Charles bluſhed.
" Wiſhing for me, Mrs. Handy!" " Indeed,
" Sir," cried ſhe, " ſhe was. O, Sir, here
" has been ſad work ſince you left us; I wiſhes
" you had never gone, and then ſome folks
" would not have been ſo forward, nor other-
" ſome ſo troubleſome, mayhap; but my
" lady will neither be bullied nor bribed, I
" can tell you that for your comfort, Sir."
" Sad work!" exclaimed Sir Charles. " Gra-
" cious Heaven! you alarm me exceedingly.
" How! what work? For Heaven's ſake tell
" me, Mrs. Handy; you—you are a ſenſible
" young woman, Mrs. Handy—and know—
" I ſay you cannot but know that I have a
" great regard for your lady, every body muſt
" that knows her, and that I would ſacrifice
" my life and fortune to ſerve her."—
" Aye, Sir," replied the waiting-woman,
" I thought there muſt be ſome reaſon or
" other, or my lady would not have been ſo

" ſet

" ſet againſt by both the gentlemen, for one is " a lord, and dreſſes the fineſt I ever ſee in " my life, and the t'other, folks ſay, is worth " buſhels and buſhels of money, and dreſſes " almoſt as fine as the lord, ſo that I thought " there muſt be ſome reaſon; though to be " ſure my lady never ſaid a word to me of " your honour till they preſſed her ſo much " about the other gentlemen, and then to be " ſure ſhe owned to me, that ſhe wiſhed you " was come, and they ſhould ſee then who " would uſe her ill." " Other gentlemen!" cried Sir Charles, not a little diſconcerted to find his rivals multiply upon him. " Pray, " good Mrs. Handy do let me into this af- " fair; who are theſe gentlemen you talk of, " and——" " Sir," replied Mrs. Handy, " this is no convenient time nor place to let " you into the whole of this buſineſs now, " becauſe it is very long, and to be ſure very " ſorrowful, to have ſo ſweet a young lady " forced to marry any body ſhe don't like, if " they are lords or knights, or what they " will: Ifackins, if it was as I, I'd ſhew them " that I had a fair pair of heels, and a fortune " of my own to give to whom I pleaſe too. " But, Sir, as I ſay, this is no time nor " place to tell you all about it, ſo if you " pleaſe, when my lady wakes, I'll tell her " that you are come to Bath, and have been

" here,

" here, and left a meſſage for her; and then " ſhe'll be very glad, and ſend you an anſwer, " and then I can come to your lodgings with " it—pray, Sir, do you lodge where you did?— " and tell you all about it; for Sir Harry and " my lady, that is not my lady, but his lady, " are gone to dine at Lincom, ſo we ſhall have " nobody to interrupt us." Sir Charles told her he had not yet got a lodging, but that ſhe would find him at the Tuns, where he would wait for her coming, thanked her for the zeal ſhe ſhewed for his ſervice, ſlipped a guinea into her hand, and took his leave.

In his way to the Tuns, he met Codjoo, the governor's black ſervant; and his heart, which never ſuffered him to commit the ſhadow of a fault without telling him of it, ſmote him for not having beſtowed a ſingle thought upon his uncle ſince his arrival, which might have prompted him to ſend an inquiry after his health. Fortunately for him Codjoo informed him, that " his moſſer was be " gone to Briſtol five, ſix days, an he " come home next week:" ſo that he proceeded to his inn with no other diſagreeable ſenſation than what aroſe from a conſciouſneſs of having had better luck than he deſerved. Perhaps, reader, you may not ſee how any thing diſagreeable ſhould reſult from ſuch a conſciouſneſs; if ſo, I am ſorry for thee;

thee; with a generous mind, a blot is a blot, whether it is ever hit or not.

Sir Charles was beſpeaking his dinner, when the arrival of Mrs. Handy put fiſh, fleſh and fowl intirely out of his head, and left him to the mercy of Mr. Phillot's cook, who having received a diſcretionary power, took care that Sir Charles ſhould be no loſer by the interruption, by providing a much better dinner than probably he would have ordered for himſelf. Mrs. Handy being, with much difficulty and abundance of troubleſome airs of good-breeding and modeſty, at length ſeated, began a circumſtantial narrative of every thing that had paſſed ſince Sir Charles left Bath; which, as it included every thing that ſhe had overheard, and every thing that her lady had told her, together with her own remarks and conjectures upon every particular, was very long, and very impertinent, as the main intelligence which Sir Charles wanted to get at might indeed have been conveyed in a fiftieth part of the time; but he well knew there was no way of getting the wheat without the chaff. As ſoon as ſhe was gone, he ſet himſelf to reduce her intelligence into ſome form, and found it amounted to this, that during his abſence, his miſtreſs had been briſkly attacked by two lovers; the one an Iriſh peer, whoſe intereſt

intereſt was ſtrongly eſpouſed by her father; the other a new made knight, who had acquired an immenſe fortune in the Eaſt-Indies, and had riſen, from ſweeping a banker's ſhop, to a capacity of furniſhing half a dozen. A man of this ſtamp could not fail of having the countenance and ſupport of Lady Clayton; ſo that between her father, mother, and lovers, the poor young lady, whoſe heart was really attached to Sir Charles, had been much diſtreſſed, and might well wiſh for him to give her ſome aſſiſtance. And now Sir Charles for the firſt time began to fear that he might not be married in a month: for though he had no reaſon to ſuſpect that Sir Harry could have any objection to his propoſals, if the coaſt had been quite clear of men of quality, yet he knew that, ſuch was his affection for nobility in general, and his zeal for mending his blood, he would ſooner part with every drop in his veins, than give up the proſpect of ſuch an alliance when once he had got view of it. Not to mention therefore the difficulties he might find from Lord B. himſelf, which, to give him his due, gave him but little uneaſineſs, he found that Sir Harry's vanity might give him a great deal of trouble; and though he had little leſs to fear from Lady Clayton's avarice and obſtinacy, yet ſuch was the character which he had heard of Sir Iſaac Rupee,

that

that he could not have ſo formidable notions of his pretenſions as he had of thoſe of Lord B. Without beſtowing a thought therefore on the knight, he ſet himſelf ſeriouſly to think of the beſt method of getting rid of his noble rival; which required ſuch delicacy of management, that he could reſolve on nothing till he had conſulted with Miſs Clayton herſelf; and having ſent her word by her woman that he would wait on her at tea time, he proceeded to her lodgings. The meeting between theſe two young people was ſuch as——"one can eaſily imagine," I ſuppoſe you will ſay, reader.—Pardon me, if you are a common reader, either of books or mankind, and converſant only in the common love-affairs of the world, it was ſuch as you will not very eaſily imagine. Some circumſtances of a delicate nature, which attended it, made it ſomething out of the common road. Sir Charles Beville's heart dwelt upon his lips; Miſs Clayton therefore, ſhort and interrupted as her acquaintance with him had been, knew every ſentiment of it: ſhe felt, moreover, that ſhe approved every ſentiment of it, and that upon this approbation was founded an attachment to him as ſtrong, if not as violent, as his to her. But though ſhe was above affectation, ſhe had never yet acknowledged her partiality to him: how

unfortunate for a delicate mind, to have ſuch an acknowledgement to make at a time when ſhe ſtood in need of his protection! She had no doubt of his affection for her, nor of the happineſs he would receive from a declaration in his favour; but ſhe was hurt by the idea of putting herſelf under his protection, to defend her from the ſollicitations of others, before ſhe had given herſelf a claim to it, by acknowledging an affection for him. This ſentiment, which, reader, if thou art ſuch an one as I mentioned above, thou mayeſt poſſibly think very ridiculous, gave her ſo much pain, that it coſt her a long ſtruggle before ſhe could reſolve to ſend Handy to him; much leſs would ſhe ſuffer her to ſay any thing to him of her ſituation. And, to ſay the truth, had it not happened that Mrs. Handy was a little leſs refined in her notions than her lady, Sir Charles had not received the circumſtantial account which ſhe gave him in the morning; for ſhe had received poſitive orders not to ſay a word of Lord B. or Sir Iſaac Rupee; but not having penetration enough to divine the reaſon of ſuch an order, and the miſchief being moreover partly done, before ſhe received it, ſhe choſe to forget it; and at her return pretty well pacified her lady, by ſaying, which was partly true, that Sir Charles inquired after ſome gentlemen who he had

been informed had paid their addreſſes to her. Her deſign therefore of keeping him for a time ignorant of her ſituation proving ineffectual, ſhe was in ſome little perplexity how ſhe ſhould behave to Sir Charles when he arrived; and, for the firſt time in her whole life, determined to lay a reſtraint upon her natural behaviour, and aſſume ſome little reſerve: but before the reſolution was well formed, the door opened, and the entrance of Sir Charles Beville, with that unaffected tranſport in his countenance which he neither knew how nor wiſhed to reſtrain, baniſhed all premeditated reſerve, and ſhe received his ſalute with the frankneſs of a wife, and the innocence of a ſiſter.

Frankneſs naturally begets frankneſs; and ſuch was the manly openneſs of Sir Charles's behaviour, that Miſs Clayton found far leſs difficulty in making the important acknowledgment than ſhe was aware of; and the unfeigned joy and reſpectful tenderneſs with which he received it, convinced her, that ſhe could not be guilty of a greater piece of injuſtice than treating him with reſerve. The young couple had enjoyed a little more than an hour of that exquiſite delight which is ſo well known to people in their circumſtances, and ſo inexplicable to every one elſe, when a buſtle at the ſtreet-door, and a profuſion

fuſion of civil exclamations, "My dear lord!—"For goodneſs ſake don't make me ſink with "confuſion!—Upon no terms!—My own "houſe!"—and ſo forth, informed them that Sir Harry was returned, and was diſputing the point of ceremonial with ſome nobleman at the door. In fact, before it could be ſettled, Lady Clayton, whoſe ſex had exempted her from the conteſt, entered the room muttering ſomething about fuſs and quality, which was interrupted by a loud ſquall upon ſeeing Sir Charles, who upon her entrance was riſing from the ſofa upon which he and Miſs Clayton had been ſitting. The ſquall ſettled at once the diſpute at the door, and Lord B (for it was no other) was the firſt who entered, exclaiming, "For G---d's ſake, what is the "matter!" Sir Harry at his heels was juſt going to repeat the queſtion, when looking over his lordſhip's head, which was no difficult matter to do, as it was not quite five feet from the ground, the appearance of Sir Charles made it needleſs. Sir Charles made a ſlight bow to his lordſhip in paſſing him, and advanced to take Sir Harry by the hand; but Sir Harry, who had from ſome buſy perſon received a hint of Sir Charles's attachment to his daughter, had ſo good a reaſon for not being overjoyed at the rencounter, that he rather declined his offered hand, and his chagrin for

a moment getting the better of his politeneſs, he ſtood with the air of a man who was heſitating whether he ſhould be civil or rude. His natural, or rather accuſtomed, civility however at length prevailed, and he welcomed Sir Charles to Bath with an air of recollection, as if he intended his firſt heſitation ſhould paſs for the effect of ſurprize at a meeting ſo unexpected. A ſilence of a few minutes enſued, which was interrupted by Lord B.'s inquiring after Miſs Clayton's health, and hopeing ſhe had loſt the cruel pain in her head which had deprived them of the pleaſure of her company at dinner; this produced a civil half-bow from her, and a mutter of "Yes, "yes," from Lady Clayton, and here they were aground again. At length Lord B. impatient of a ſilence which had been longer by ſeveral minutes than he had ſuffered for many hours before, applied to Sir Charles to know if he was come from town, and if he brought any news; but before he had time to reply, he began to entertain Miſs Clayton with a hiſtory of an affair between a gentleman and a lady, which was interrupted by another lady, whoſe couſin had a deſign upon the gentleman, only her father was averſe to the match, and ſeveral deviliſh ſevere things which paſſed upon the occaſion, and twenty other circumſtances, which he ſaid he was heartily

heartily ſorry ſhe could not ſo well enter into the ſpirit of, as ſhe was not in the leaſt acquainted with any of the parties concerned. "But," cried he, "they will all be at Mr. "What's-his-name's concert to-night, and "if you will go, I will point them all out to "you, and tell you the whole affair. It is im-"menſely ridiculous, faith!" Miſs Clayton took the opportunity of the concert being mentioned to ſtop the torrent of his lordſhip's eloquence, by telling Sir Charles that there was a new ſinger come to Bath ſince he left it, and that the company were ſo divided in their opinions with regard to her merit, that ſhe longed to have his judgment upon it. "O "child!" cried Lady Clayton, "you may "be ſure Sir Charles will like her, becauſe "ſhe's an outlandiſh woman; your great "judges cannot bear Engliſh." "Is the "gentleman a connoiſſeur?" interrupted his lordſhip.—"O Miſs Clayton! talk of that. "—I have got the moſt enchanting minuet! "—Pray, Sir can you play the guitar? It is "ſet for the guitar. Here it is. I made "Fleming write it down for me. Pray, Ma-"dam, do juſt touch it upon the harpſichord. "Come, I can put you into the air of it, for "I can almoſt play it with one hand. I aſ-"ſure you I have a very pretty taſte for mu-"ſic myſelf, and if I had taken pains, ſhould

" have been a great proficient. Don't you " think ſo, Miſs Clayton? But I am ſo idle! " Sir, I aſſure you I can play four or five " tunes with one hand, though I never " learned, except a year or two when I was " abroad; and my ear is ſo good, that if I " hear the Belleiſle march, or Voi amante, or " any other piece of muſic, I can immedi- " ately tell whether they play it in tune or " not; and if the fiddles play falſe when I'm " dancing, I ſtop dead ſhort, and cannot go a " ſtep further. But Miſs Clayton, Sir Harry, " come, ſhall we go to the concert? Lady " Clayton, what ſay you, ha? Sir, ſhall we " have your company? I dare ſay the new " ſinger will delight you."—It is not eaſy to expreſs the aſtoniſhment Sir Charles was in at the immenſe ſtrength of Lord B.'s talking powers, who could run on in ſuch a manner for an hour together, without having one word to ſay. If this man, thought he, could talk as well upon ſomething as he can upon nothing, what a figure would he make in the houſe!—The ladies ſeemed to decline going to the concert, and as the two viſitors ſeemed determined to outſtay each other, Lady Clayton had no other way of knowing how long they intended to ſtay, than by calling for cards, which is a civil way of ſaying, Pray, gentlemen, do you intend to paſs your

your evening here, or any where elſe? Lord B. anſwered her queſtion by pulling out his watch, and having wound it up, given it the hearing, and adjuſted the hanging of the chain and trinckets, he got up, ſaying, "No, "poſitively no; I muſt go to the concert; I "have made a party for this poor man, and "was in hopes to have had it graced by your "ladyſhip and Miſs Clayton; but if it muſt "not be, I muſt even go alone. If this gen-"tleman is a ſtranger, I ſhall be proud of the "honour of attending him there." Sir Charles bowed, and having nothing better to do, as he could perceive his company was not very acceptable where he was, accepted the offer, and the two lovers took their leave together; Sir Harry almoſt overturning Lord B. in his civil eagerneſs to ring for his chair, to the very door of which he attended him, bowing and riſing alternately without ceaſing, like a bulruſh in windy weather. In the mean time, Sir Charles having ſaid many tender things with his eyes to his miſtreſs, and bowed profoundly low to Lady Clayton, was ſuffered to get into his chair very quietly, with nothing from Sir Harry but—"Sir Charles, I have the honour "to wiſh you a good night."

In the way to the concert, Sir Charles could not help reflecting a little upon the ſmall agreement there ſeemed to be between the formidable idea which he had conceived of his noble rival, and that deſpicable little lump of nothing which rode in the chair before him.

"The man's character," ſaid he to himſelf, "ſeems ſhort, he is a fool: and "one ſees at firſt ſight that he can "have no attachment for above a month "to any thing. But he is a fool of "faſhion, and therefore may wiſh to "marry Miſs Clayton more from vanity "than any other paſſion, and then his be-"ing a fool, as long as he is a lord, "will do me but little ſervice with Sir "Harry. If the other man is like this "wretch, how has the poor dear girl "been peſtered!" With reflections of this ſort he amuſed himſelf till his chair ſtopped at the concert room door, and he followed his lordſhip up the room in one continued fit of aſtoniſhment at hearing how much and how little he had to ſay to every perſon he met with; and when he found that not one eſcaped him of all that he paſſed from the door to the bench neareſt the orcheſtra, and that even when

he

he arrived there, he was not contented without having ſomething to ſay to the firſt violin, he could not help exclaiming as he ſat down," " I do not believe any " man in the kingdom can do it, except " himſelf."

CHAP. IV.

During the Concert, Sir Charles diſcovers a Perſon, and Lord B. a Perſon's Name. Sir Charles changes his Notions with Regard to his Rivals, and forms ſome very pacific Reſolutions.

DURING the firſt act of the concert, Lord B. was extremely civil to his new acquaintance in one reſpect, and as rude in another: for he would not ſuffer him to attend for a moment to the muſic, ſo great was his eagerneſs to talk; but then in return he was letting him into the name, family, birth, parentage and education of every man and woman within ſight, and out of hearing: and, as the company at Bath is very fluctuating, Sir Charles met with many faces which he did not know, and many new anecdotes with regard to thoſe he did; ſo that upon the whole he was not ſorry to ſacrifice one evening's amuſement to intelligence, eſpecially as he learned more from his lordſhip in an hour, than he could have done from any other channel in a month. When the firſt act was over,

over, Sir Charles obſerved the peer bow, in manner much more reſerved than his uſual livelineſs admitted of, to a man who ſat at ſome little diſtance from them, and who ſeemed to make little or no return to his civility. The figure of this perſon was too remarkable to eſcape notice; and indeed wherever he went, the eyes of the company were generally upon him for the firſt ten minutes after he entered. He ſeemed about forty years of age, fat, clumſy, and aukward in his perſon; he had a white ſodden complexion, heightened by a wig loaded with powder, and his whole figure was rendered conſpicuous by the greateſt profuſion of finery that could be heaped upon it, without the leaſt ſhadow of propriety, taſte, or elegance. His behaviour was of a piece with his dreſs; an inſupportable haughtineſs, and a ſtudied contempt of decency and good-breeding, reigned throughout his whole deportment; in ſhort, his whole appearance and behaviour ſeemed to ſay, "I have money "enough, what need I care for any one!" Sir Charles was a good deal ſurprized to find that his noble inſtructor had ſuffered him to wait near five minutes without giving him the hiſtory of this remarkable perſonage; and his ſurprize increaſed, when he found he began to talk of ſomething elſe, without ſatisfying the curioſity which the figure of the man had

a good deal excited: he therefore took the firſt opportunity of a moment's ceſſation of talk, to aſk his name. "'Tis a fellow they call Sir Iſaac Rupee," replied the peer, and all the ſurprize at his ſilence upon that ſubject vaniſhed in an inſtant. "A fellow," continued he, "who becauſe he has been plundering "honeſt people on the other ſide the globe, "and has brought home a ſhip-load of gold "and diamonds, thinks proper to affront all "mankind, and has the aſſurance to be—to "be, Sir—to have ſome pretenſions to the "favour of a certain young lady, at whoſe "lodgings I had the honour of meeting you; "I preſume your relation." "I cannot but "wonder, my lord," replied Sir Charles, "at his aſſurance in aſpiring to the favour "of Miſs Clayton, whoſe worth is not to be "eſtimated by ſhip-loads of money; as I "think I ſhould find no difficulty in telling "Sir Iſaac, was I to have the honour of meeting him there, as I had your lordſhip; not "that I have at preſent any claim to the title "your lordſhip is pleaſed to honour me with, "of relation to that amiable young lady." "No, Sir!" replied the peer with ſome confuſion; "you ſeemed, I thought, upon the "footing of an intimate acquaintance; may "I beg, Sir—I aſk pardon—but—may I beg "the favour of your name?"—Sir Charles had

had an idea that Lord B. was ignorant of his pretenſions to Miſs Clayton, and therefore had ſome deſign in what he ſaid to open his eyes as it were by chance; but that he could be ſo converſant with a perſon for ſeveral hours, offer him his acquaintance, let him into all he knew himſelf, and behave to him with ſo much familiarity, without ſo much as knowing his name, he could have no idea; he could not help ſmiling therefore when he told him his name was Beville. The confuſion which appeared in Lord B.'s face at the name, convinced Sir Charles that the reverſe of what he had imagined was the caſe, and that Lord B. knew that Sir Charles Beville was his moſt formidable rival, but, like Sir Martin Mar-all, had no notion that his new acquaintance was he. The diſcovery was diſtreſſing for Lord B. upon ſeveral accounts, one of which was, that as he knew not how to drop his civility to him all at once, ſo, on the other hand, he hardly knew how to prevail upon himſelf to keep it up: the latter however he was at length driven to in his own defence; for he could find no excuſe for talking rudely to him; not to talk at all, was impoſſible; and as he ſat next the wall, with Sir Charles on his left hand, and the orcheſtra in his front, and found it inconvenient to talk to thoſe who ſat behind him, he had literally

nobody

nobody elſe to whom he could talk: he was therefore even forced to put his diſcovery in his pocket, and let his tongue take its courſe. As Sir Charles had neither got nor loſt by the diſcovery, it had no effect upon his behaviour; ſo that when the concert ended, they parted with the ſame civility with which they had met. Sir Charles adjourned to the tavern with two or three acquaintance whom he had picked up in the room, and retired to his lodgings at night, with far leſs formidable impreſſions of his rivals than he had entertained in the morning. He thought he ſaw far enough into their characters, to judge that he ſhould not have much to apprehend from their reſentment, and indeed imagined, with ſome juſtice, that neither of them would be very forward to come to an explanation with him upon the ſubject, and that, with a little patience and reſolution, he might poſſibly carry off his miſtreſs from them both, without ever coming to an explanation with either of them. He therefore determined to proceed in his own calm way, without taking any farther notice of them than they obliged him to do, to be always near enough his miſtreſs in public, to be ready to relieve her if ſhe was too much oppreſſed with impertinence, but ne-

ver

ver officiouſly to endeavour to keep her other lovers at a diſtance, nor to be conſpicuouſly her eſcorte whenever ſhe ſet her foot out of doors; to take his opportunity of making his propoſals to Sir Harry, and to receive the refuſal which he had reaſon to expect with temper; and purſue his own plan in ſuch a manner, as, if poſſible, to make his lordſhip's defeat the effect of his own determination to withdraw his pretenſions, rather than Miſs Clayton's refuſal to accept of them: for, dearly as Sir Charles loved Miſs Clayton, and intimately as his happineſs was connected with hers, ſuch were at the ſame time his notions of honour, and ſo high his regard for filial obligations, that he would not on any account have accepted her hand in open defiance of her father's authority, or even in expreſs oppoſition to his inclinations: but as he knew that the pretenſions of Lord B. were the only obſtacle in the way of his own, he thought if he could bring his lordſhip by any means to reſign, there would be no difficulty in ſucceeding to his place; and the rather, becauſe Sir Harry would by that means be freed from the importunities of Lady Clayton in favour of Sir Iſaac Rupee, for whom

he

he had the higheſt contempt, becauſe, notwithſtanding his immenſe riches, he could by no means tell who was his grandfather, being quite uncertain who was his father.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Sir Charles ſends a Meſſage, writes a Letter, makes a Viſit, and goes to the Coffee-houſe. A Converſation-piece.

THE next morning proved rainy, and Sir Charles having been ſomewhat fatigued with his day's work, ſlept beyond the Pump-room hour. Contenting himſelf therefore with ſending a ſervant to inquire after Miſs Clayton's health, he ſat down to write to Norris an account of what had paſſed ſince he ſaw him, and to give him the character of his rivals: which letter I ſhall not trouble you with, reader, as you have the good fortune to be beforehand with Mr. Norris in the intelligence it contained. The ſervant who had been diſpatched to Miſs Clayton, returned with an anſwer that her head was ſo much better, that ſhe hoped to be at the ball in the evening. It required no great ſhare of penetration in Sir Charles to diſcover that this was a hint that ſhe hoped to meet him there; but as he foreſaw that if he deferred ſeeing her till they met at the rooms, ſhe might be drawn in to dance with Lord B. or Sir Iſaac, as he did

not

not at that time know that the latter could not dance, he determined upon making her a viſit in the afternoon. Accordingly, having dined alone, and dreſſed early, he went to Sir Harry's lodgings. As his chairman was going to rap at the door, a ſaſh up one pair of ſtairs was thrown up, and a voice bid him not rap, but ſtay a moment; and ſoon after Mrs. Handy appeared at the door, who informed Sir Charles, that Sir Harry had dined abroad, that Lady Clayton was in the dining room with Sir Iſaac Rupee, and that her lady was dreſſing, and propoſed going to drink tea with a lady, an intimate friend of hers, with whom ſhe intended to go to the rooms, in order to avoid ſitting the afternoon with Lady Clayton and Sir Iſaac, or rather with Sir Iſaac alone, as ſhe knew would be the caſe; that ſhe thought it much better to prevent Sir Charles's making a very diſagreeable viſit, as ſhe had diſcovered him as he came acroſs the Grove. Sir Charles returned her many thanks, and begging to have the honour of her hand in the evening, ordered his chairmen to the coffee-houſe, where we ſhall leave him to drink his tea, and read the papers at his leiſure, whilſt we take a ſhort view of what paſſed at Sir Harry Clayton's the preceding evening, after Lord B. and Sir Charles were gone to the concert.

When

When Sir Harry returned from bowing to Lord B. at the door, he found Lady Clayton in a very high ſtile of paſſion. She could hardly ſtay till the drawing-room door was ſhut, before ſhe began accuſing Miſs Clayton, with more warmth than decency, of having, as ſhe called it, put a fine trick upon her and Sir Harry, by feigning herſelf ill in the morning, that ſhe might ſtay at home to have an opportunity of entertaining Sir Charles Beville. —— An imputation of meanneſs or diſingenuity gives a generous mind more pain than any other thing whatever. Miſs Clayton, to whom ſuch a charge was as unexpected as the reality of it was far from her heart, was too much ſurprized to recover herſelf immediately, and her ſilence convinced Lady Clayton that her ſuſpicions were true: ſhe was therefore proceeding to treat her with all the ill-language to which little minds can ſo eaſily accommodate themſelves whenever they have the leaſt ſhadow of an excuſe for it, when Sir Harry entered, and would have inquired into the cauſe of the paſſion in which he found his lady was indulging herſelf at the expence of his daughter; of whom, to give him his due, he had much too high an opinion, to have the leaſt idea of her being guilty of the meanneſs which was laid to her charge; but finding

that

that her ladyſhip was ſet a going, at which times it was dangerous going near her till ſhe was quite run down, he contented himſelf with endeavouring to find out what had provoked her, by the current of her diſcourſe.

He ſoon found it was in vain to expect that; indeed, in the torrent of her abuſe, ſhe had at length forgot it herſelf, for when ſhe had run herſelf quite out of breath, ſhe told Sir Harry, that his daughter had acknowledged that ſhe had ſtaid at home by agreement with Sir Charles, and had told them a lie to excuſe herſelf from going with them. Innocence has occaſion but for few words to plead its cauſe. Miſs Clayton only lifted up her hands and eyes and exclaimed, "Good God, Madam!" which immediately brought Lady Clayton to recollect that her ſuſpicions were not ſupported with ſo ſtrong a proof as ſhe had aſſerted; ſhe thought fit therefore to retract a little, by ſaying, "that is, ſhe cannot deny it." The poor young lady, taking a little courage at this, replied with great compoſure, "Ma-
"dam, I can and do deny having ever once
"acted diſingenuouſly with either my father
"or your ladyſhip in my whole life: I ſhall
"not complain of the ill-treatment you have
"given me, both by your unworthy ſuſpicion
"and ill-language in conſequence of it, be-
"cauſe

"cauſe I know you cannot help it; but I "muſt aſſure you, Sir," turning to her father, "that I knew not the leaſt of Sir "Charles Beville's being at Bath, till after I "got up, which was very late, as I had "really had a bad night, and then Handy "told me he had been here, and ſaid he "would call again in the evening. If there "is any harm in his being here, I dare ſay "Sir Charles is too well-bred to come to any "houſe where his company is diſagreeable; "but from the civility which you was pleaſed "to ſhew him when he was laſt at Bath, he "could have no ſuſpicion of that being the "caſe here." "Which *you* was pleaſed to "ſhew him, you mean, Miſs," cried Lady Clayton. "Why, Harriet," ſaid Sir Harry, "with regard to civility, to be ſure Sir "Charles Beville is a gentleman, and has a "right to demand civility every where; and as "a gentleman, I ſhould be greatly to blame, "was I not to ſhew it him; but if Sir Charles "comes here with any other view than that of "a common acquaintance, if, I ſay, he has "any farther views, he cannot imagine that "I ſhall pay him the ſame civility in that re-"ſpect which I ſhall to his ſuperiors. Supe-"rior rank will demand ſuperior civility, "Harriet; a lord more than a baronet, a ba-

"ronet

"ronet more than a knight."—"I don't "know that," interrupted Lady Clayton, "if the knight is richeſt."—Sir Harry was now ſet a going, ſo he paid no attention to her remark, but went on,—"a knight more "than a ſimple eſquire; and when you are a "counteſs—" "Vich I hope ſhe never will "be," cried Lady Clayton)—"you will both "know it and expect it. Do you think, "Harriet, if you ſhould be ſo ſilly as to re-"fuſe to accept of Lord B. and he ſhould "marry ſome other woman, and you was to "take up with a commoner afterwards, do "you think, I ſay, that your heart would "not ache every time Lady B.'s coach was "called? Or that it would not hurt you to "give her place every where, and ſit below "her, and dance after her, and have neither "coronet nor ſupporters?" "Indeed, Sir," replied Miſs Clayton, "if my heart never "aches till then, I ſhall be the happieſt wo-"man in England." "Mere affectation," exclaimed Sir Harry, "it is impoſſible that "any one can have that contempt for rank "and precedency which you, Harriet, pretend "to." "Why not," ſaid Lady Clayton, "if they have money enough, it vill purchaſe "reſpect enough, I'll varrant it." My dear "Lady Clayton," ſaid Sir Harry, "you

"have

" have quite a wrong notion of theſe things."
" Sir Harry," replied her ladyſhip, who had by this time pretty well recruited her ſtrength, " my notions, for aught I know, are much " better than yours. Cornets and ſupporters, " and all them here things may be very well " for any thing as I know; but I know, and " ſo do you too, Sir Harry, I ſay, Sir Harry, " ſo do you too, that they will neither pay " tradeſmen, nor redeem mortgages; and if " Miſs Harriet chooſes to refuſe the offers Sir " Iſaac Rupee makes her, who to be ſure has " a mint of money, ſhe may chance to hear " of her lord's waiting in his hall two " or three hours when he comes to bor- " row money; I'd have her mind that " that's all." There were ſome things in this ſpeech to which Sir Harry did not chooſe to reply; ſo waving the ſubject, he aſked Miſs Clayton if Sir Charles was in parliament; to which ſhe replied, ſhe did not know; and then the red book of knowledge was to be fetched, and ſo the converſation began to grow general, and at length ended in a pool at tredrille till ſupper; ſoon after which the young lady retired, and left Sir Harry and his lady to diſcourſe over the occurrences of the day.

Now,

Now, as they had each of them a ſeparate ſcheme in view for the diſpoſal of Miſs Clayton, they could ſeldom talk upon that ſubject long together; as the diſcourſe, after the firſt or ſecond reply, generally grew warm, and then the reflections which each caſt on the favourite of the other, were by degrees transferred by each to the other, and then Sir Harry ſwore, my lady cried, and there was an end of the matter. But at preſent the caſe was altered; for Miſs Clayton ſeeming to have an inclination to ſet up a ſeparate intereſt of her own, which would be equally prejudicial to both their ſchemes, they agreed at once that their firſt ſtep muſt be to join forces, in order to break this new intereſt, and then the way would be all plain and open again for each to promote their own plan. Accordingly, this new league being entered into between the two contending parties, which is never done but at the expence of ſome third perſon, it was agreed upon that Sir Harry ſhould behave with great diſtance to Sir Charles, and if he found that he proceeded, without coming to any explanation, to viſit conſtantly at the houſe, and pay particular attention to Miſs

Clayton, that then Sir Harry ſhould ſpeak firſt, and inform him that his daughter was not at liberty.

This prudent reſolution being formed, they retired to reſt in better temper with each other than they had done for ſome months before.

CHAP. VI.

What paſſed at the Rooms.

WE left Sir Charles Beville drinking his tea at the coffee-houſe, and as he has by this time finiſhed it, we will attend him to the rooms, whither he went rather earlier than uſual, in hopes that Miſs Clayton might do the ſame, and that he might by that means enjoy half an hour's converſation with her before the rooms filled. Mechanically as it were he took poſſeſſion of the very corner in which he had firſt entertained Miſs Clayton, and where he had received the firſt impreſſions in her favour. He was indulging himſelf in ſome not unpleaſing reflections, when he ſaw Miſs Clayton and her friend walk up the room by themſelves; he immediately joined them, and was introduced by Miſs Clayton to Mrs. Stapleton, as her moſt intimate friend: by which he found that he might be at liberty to enter upon any ſubject before her without reſerve. He therefore ventured to aſk what had paſſed after he was gone the preceding evening; of which Miſs Clayton gave him an account, not entirely ſuch indeed as the reader has been favoured with, but ſufficient to prepare him for a reception from Sir Harry not altogether

gether ſo friendly as he had met with before he left Bath. Sir Charles in his turn then entertained her with an account of what had paſſed at the concert; not without ſome remarks upon the character of Lord B. in general, and the particular circumſtance of his having no ſuſpicion to whom he was talking, till he found it out by accident, upon which he enlarged with ſome humour, and the ladies enjoyed it not a little; ſo that by the time his lordſhip had diſcovered them, they were all three indulging themſelves in a hearty fit of laughing. Any other man would have ſuſpected the cauſe of their mirth; but Lord B. had too much vanity to imagine that he could poſſibly be an object of ridicule himſelf; coming up to them therefore with an air of gaiety, he begged earneſtly to be let into the joke. The ladies recovered their countenances, and ſaid nothing; Sir Charles compoſedly enough told him they were laughing at a perſon whom his lordſhip did not know. As Lord B. could laugh, if he choſe it, without a joke as well as with one, he was very well ſatisfied, and began to talk as faſt as ever, without the leaſt appearance of remembering the hint he had received from Sir Charles the evening before. The ladies, who were not acquainted with the pacific reſolutions which Sir Charles had formed, were a little apprehenſive leſt he might

take ſome opportunity of interrupting the flow of gallantry with which his lordſhip was entertaining Miſs Clayton, in a way which might be productive of ſerious conſequences; but were agreeably ſurprized to find him ſmile at it with the ſame kind of complacency as he would have done at the fawning of a ſpaniel, or the tricks of a monkey. And indeed his behaviour was ſo compoſed and natural, that Lord B. himſelf ſeemed to be deceived by it, and poſſibly might conclude, that whatever his deſigns might formerly have been, with regard to Miſs Clayton, he would not preſume to continue his pretenſions againſt a rival of his rank and figure. Whether his vanity had thoroughly perſuaded him that this was the caſe, and that Sir Charles fully intended to withdraw his pretenſions, or whatever cauſe time may hereafter diſcover for his behaviour, certain it is, that he ſeemed to look on him as a very harmleſs acquaintance, and was not at all diſturbed when he found he was engaged to dance with his miſtreſs, and when they ſtood up to dance, left them with a laugh, ſaying, "My dear Sir Charles, I in-"truſt her to your care, take care of her for "my ſake;" and then, turning to Mrs. Stapleton, aſked her if he ſhould have the honour of being of her quadrille party, as he knew ſhe ſeldom danced. Mrs. Stapleton excuſed herſelf,

herſelf, having an inclination to ſee a little more of Sir Charles, of whom ſhe had heard ſo much from her friend, and with whom, the little ſhe had ſeen of him, ſhe was greatly taken. She therefore ſat down in the old corner, in hopes that Miſs Clayton and her partner would join her when the dance was finiſhed; which accordingly they did, and were not a little pleaſed to find that Lord B. was drawn in to ſit down to cards with a dowager party, who would not eaſily part with him. There was ſome enchantment in that corner which always detained our party longer in it than they intended; ſo that Miſs Clayton and Sir Charles had already ſat down two dances, before they recollected that their deſign was to avoid particularity in public as much as poſſible: recollecting however at length that the eyes of the company might poſſibly be upon them, they determined to ſtand up the next dance, and in the mean time Sir Charles ſtrolled down towards the bottom of the room, and leaning a minute over Lord B.'s chair, waited till he ſaw him begin a freſh pool, and then had the cruelty to tell him, that the ladies thought him gone home, it was ſo long ſince they had ſeen him: my lord ſighed, wiſhed he could cut himſelf into two, that one half might dance whilſt the other played at cards, at which he laughed

ſo heartily, that it was plain he thought he had ſaid a good thing; the dowagers good naturedly took his word for it, and laughed for company, and Sir Charles returned to his place, envying people who could be ſo eaſily pleaſed. At his return, he found his place occupied by Sir Iſaac Rupee, who coming late into the rooms, and ſeeing Lord B. at cards, concluded Miſs Clayton was not there. Strolling up the room however, he was ſurpriſed to find her ſitting very quietly with her friend. He had juſt expreſſed his ſurpriſe in his own way by exclaiming, "Why how the "devil comes this about!" When Sir Charles came up, he did not ſeem to take the leaſt notice of Sir Iſaac, but reminding Miſs Clayton that the company were ſtanding up to dance, he very compoſedly handed her to her place. It is not eaſy to imagine the aſtoniſhment with which Sir Iſaac beheld a man, whom he had never ſeen in his life, take away his miſtreſs with the air of an intimate acquaintance: having followed them with his eyes to their place, he turned round to aſk information of Mrs. Stapleton; but ſhe had taken the opportunity of his ſurpriſe to walk off: ſo that he was obliged to walk down the room, with a queſtion in his mouth, which he blurted out to every one he met, and was at length informed by the maſter of the ceremonies,

nies, that it was Sir Charles Beville: to which he replied, "And who the devil is he?" To which queſtion being able to get no other anſwer, than a baronet of good eſtate in Northamptonſhire, he ſat himſelf down to obſerve his motions, in great diſcompoſure.

To ſay the truth, he was in great perplexity; for he had taken it into his head to have an inclination for Miſs Clayton, but juſt in the ſame manner as he would have done for a fine China jar, a fine picture, or any other fine piece of furniture; becauſe he thought ſhe would look well, and do him credit in his houſe; for as to love, he had not the leaſt idea of it, except poſſibly of that ſpurious branch of it, which his money would help him to the gratification of whenever he pleaſed. With this view, however, he had formed a deſign of purchaſing her, and had no more notion of his being refuſed for a man whoſe eſtate was leſs than his own, than he would have had of being outbid at an auction: and it was this notion which made him ſo perfectly eaſy at the aſſiduity with which he ſaw Lord B. pay his court to her; for though he had ſome gueſs at his intentions, he knew that his eſtate was very moderate, and concluded that he had nothing to do but make his own offers to ſet his lordſhip's pretenſions quite

out of the queſtion. But notwithſtanding the good opinion which he had of himſelf, and the little expectation he had of being refuſed, he had lately begun to ſuſpect, from ſome circumſtances in her behaviour to him, that Miſs Clayton was rather blind to his merit, and did not receive the honour of his addreſſes with that ſatisfaction which he thought ſhe ought to have done. When therefore he ſaw the affability and complacency with which ſhe behaved to this ſtranger, the ſmile of attention with which ſhe liſtened to whatever he ſaid, and the air of frankneſs with which ſhe gave him her hand, ſo very different from the ſtiff, reſerved, grave aſpect with which ſhe received all the marks of attention he was pleaſed to ſhew her, he began to entertain a ſuſpicion very little, in his opinion, to the credit of her underſtanding. In ſhort, there was ſomething in the whole appearance of Sir Charles Beville which beſpoke him a favoured rival. Without inquiring any farther, therefore, he reſolved to affront him; and accordingly got up from his ſeat with great wrath to put his reſolution in practice. But juſt as he came within ſight of Sir Charles, ſomething or other within him gave him a check, and, ſtopping for a moment to obſerve him a little more narrowly, he ſaw ſomething in his air ſo manly, ſo calm, ſo aſſured, ſo adroit, that he thought he might

might as well take ſome other opportunity, and before he proceeded to extremities, ſee whether his ſuſpicions were juſt or not. In ſhort, though he loved Miſs Clayton very well, yet he began to feel that he loved Sir Iſaac Rupee much better, and as he apprehended that affronting Sir Charles might poſſibly be ſervice of danger, like Captain Bobadil, he choſe to be off. It was not however in very good humour that he made an effort to join the party, when, at the end of the dance, they had retired to their old corner; they were entertaining themſelves with ſomething that had paſſed, and partly by accident, partly by deſign, were converſing in French; a language which Sir Iſaac never had capacity enough to make himſelf maſter of, though he had enjoyed many advantages in that reſpect which the reſt of the party had not, as he was the only one who had ever been out of England. When he came up, Sir Charles was telling a ſtory; in the midſt of which he muſt have interrupted him, which he did not chooſe to do; or elſe be under the neceſſity of ſtanding to look on, without comprehending a word that was ſaid, which he knew not how to do: when he had ſtood a minute therefore without finding an opportunity of ſpeaking himſelf, or any body finding one to ſpeak to him, he walked off with ſo ſheepiſh an air, that it was

not poſſible for the lively Mrs. Stapleton to avoid burſting into a loud laugh, which convinced him that they were talking of him, and had their reaſons for talking in French. Now was the time for his premeditated quarrel, as to ſay the truth, Sir Charles, or at leaſt his party, had all the appearance of having ſtruck the firſt ſtroke; he accordingly turned half round, in order to put it in execution, but the faithful monitor in his breaſt gave him a ſecond check, and he walked off, called for his chair in a paſſion, and vented thoſe curſes upon his chairmen which he meant for Sir Charles Beville.

Soon after the reſt of the party retired, having agreed to meet the next morning at the Pump-room, after which Sir Charles had deſired to eſcorte them to dine at Briſtol, as Mrs. Stapleton had never ſeen that city nor the Hot-Wells.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A Jaunt to Briſtol. A Hint in Favour of third Perſons. A Miſtake rectified. A Plan diſconcerted.

SIR Charles was early at the Pump-room the next morning, and was attending very quietly to a concerto of Geminiani, when Mrs. Stapleton tapped him on the ſhoulder. "Do you know, Sir Charles," ſaid ſhe, "that I have not had one wink of ſleep ſince "I ſaw you?" "If I was a man of gallantry, Madam," replied he, "inſtead of "truth, I ſhould have ſaid the ſame to you." "If you had," replied ſhe, "I ſhould not "have accuſed myſelf of having broken your "reſt, any more than I do you of having "broken mine: and yet you was concerned "in it too; but it was my own indiſcretion, "Sir, that did it, and for which I am now "come, the very inſtant after I was dreſſed, "and, by the bye, without waiting for Harriet, "who promiſed to call, but whom I never "thought of, till this moment, moſt ſincerely to aſk your pardon."

" Pray, Madam," cried Sir Charles, " be " ſo good as to explain this matter, for I pro- " teſt I know of no indiſcretion you could " be guilty of laſt night, unleſs you call it " one to have honoured with your acquaint- " ance a young man who poſſibly may not " deſerve it." " No, Sir!" returned ſhe, " only recollect when that great oaf Sir Iſaac " came and ſtared at us for two or three mi- " nutes, and then walked off as if he had " ſtolen ſomething: I, a greater oaf by half, " could find nothing to do but to burſt into a " loud laugh. He muſt conclude, Sir, that we " were all laughing at him, and by his looks " I ſaw he did; and have been terrified to " death for fear he ſhould make it an excuſe " to quarrel with you." " If he ſhould, " Madam," replied Sir Charles, " I ſhall " certainly expect that you will do me the fa- " vour to be my ſecond."

" Well, well," ſaid ſhe, " you may " make as light of it as you pleaſe, but I am " convinced that I was very ſilly, and as " many a quarrel has begun upon much " leſs grounds, I only hope you may hear " no more of it; for I doubt, Sir Charles, " you muſt expect ſome rough treatment " from that proud wretch, before he will " let you carry off his miſtreſs in triumph." " As to that, Madam," replied he, " if he

" is

" is as proud as I am, he will be above giv-
" ing any man rough treatment. I am very
" proud, Mrs. Stapleton, and I'll tell you
" what of—my temper. I value myſelf upon
" being the moſt difficult to provoke of any
" man in England; but with regard to Sir
" Iſaac, I am convinced he is not a perſon to
" put my temper to the proof: had I a ſenſi-
" ble man, a modeſt man, a deſerving man,
" for my rival, I don't know what trouble he
" might give me; but at preſent, believe
" me, I am perfectly eaſy upon that
" head."

Lady Clayton and her daughter-in-law that inſtant entering the room, prevented Mrs. Stapleton's making a reply to what Sir Charles had ſaid, and they walked up together to join them. Whilſt Mrs. Stapleton was making her apologies to Miſs Clayton for not having waited for her, Sir Charles paid his compliments to Lady Clayton, who received them with great coolneſs; and, by a look which Miſs Clayton gave him, he found there had been ſomething wrong between them. In fact, ſhe was highly offended at not having been invited to be of the party to Briſtol, and had deſired Sir Harry to inſiſt upon Miſs Clayton's not going; but Sir Harry, who was too polite as well as too tender a father to reſtrain his daughter in any reaſonable amuſements,

(and

(and unreaſonable ones ſhe knew not how to wiſh for) had excuſed himſelf, and only juſt hinted to her, that parties of this kind were not the moſt deſireable for young ladies, eſpecially if they were frequent, and not engaged in with people of the firſt rank. Sir Charles himſelf had formed an idea that Lady Clayton might poſſibly be offended at not being invited, and had accordingly determined to aſk her, if he met her at the Pump-room; which, without knowing what had paſſed, he was doing juſt as ill-fortune had ſent the malapert Lord B. to join them. Lady Clayton ſeized this opportunity of being handſomely revenged of Sir Charles, and, in anſwer to his invitation, ſaid, "I am much obliged to you, Sir, but I "am engaged this morning; but if you have a "ſpare place in your coach, here is Lord B. as "I dare ſay will be glad to accept of it." Lord B. as ſhe had imagined, catched at it immediately. "Who I? ay I'll go any "where: where are we going, ha! Sir "Charles! Is your coach ready, or ſhall I "order mine? Nay, dear Lady Clayton, "come, you ſhall go poſitively; we'll all be "of the party, faith!" The utmoſt malice of fortune could not have thrown a more diſagreeable circumſtance in Sir Charles's way; but he had the minute before been boaſting of his temper, and ſo was preparing himſelf

ſelf to ſuffer with a good grace, and accept civilly of his lordſhip's company, as he did not know how to get rid of him; when luckily, as he thought, it came into his mind that Governor Beville was at Briſtol, and the ladies found themſelves relieved from the terror they were in of being tormented with his lordſhip all day, by his ſaying, that he ſhould think himſelf highly honoured by his lordſhip's company, had he not unfortunately engaged to bring Governor Beville home in the evening. Sir Charles never overſhot himſelf ſo much in his life; for without doubt the ſame objection would have held good with regard to Lady Clayton's going: but whether ſhe was not quick enough to diſcover the *faux pas*, or whether ſhe relented, and was not willing to perplex him any farther, ſhe took no notice of it. As to my lord, he probably would not have been ſo eaſily put off, had not an invitation to meet all the world at a public breakfaſt accidentally fallen in his way; and as he always choſe to go where he was moſt likely to find the largeſt audience, he preſently forgot his miſtreſs, and Briſtol, and Sir Charles, and every thing that had been ſaid about the ſcheme.——The original party, being thus diſengaged from all incumbrances, ſet out immediately for fear of accidents.

I don't

I don't know, reader, whether you was ever in love; even if you have, I am not ſure whether you are ſufficiently aware, that the kind of party Sir Charles is now engaged in, is the happieſt that can poſſibly be imagined. It is a miſtaken notion to ſuppoſe that a third perſon is always an incumbrance to lovers: to people, on the contrary, who are in the ſituation in which Sir Charles and Miſs Clayton were, a third perſon, of a lively underſtanding, a generous heart, and who is thoroughly in their intereſt, is of great uſe. It takes off from that reſerve which is the natural reſult of too great ſenſibility, and, by ſometimes giving a more general turn to the converſation, makes the happy couple feel a more joyous kind of intercourſe with each other, whilſt circumſtances of mutual endearment and confidence ſteal, as it were, into the behaviour, under the ſanction of a general friendſhip, which a timidity, ariſing from too conſtant an attention to their own ſituation, often precludes in a *tête-à-tête*.—A heart which is diffident of itſelf, as every amiable heart is in ſome degree, loves to have the ſanction of a friend's approbation; for which reaſon Miſs Clayton ventured to give Sir Charles many proofs of her partiality to him before Mrs. Stapleton, which ſhe would probably have ſcrupled without her aſſuring countenance; and to a heart which

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is capable of feeling, one inſtance of attention, of confidence, of friendly attachment, is worth forty extorted acknowledgments of love; the latter may proceed from various motives, but nothing but real eſteem can produce the former.

During this little excurſion, Sir Charles, at the ſame time that he found every former motive for his attachment to Miſs Clayton ſtrengthened, was ſo happy as to find that he had an additional one of the moſt endearing nature, which was a conſciouſneſs of having made himſelf maſter of her moſt affectionate eſteem: every word, every look, gave him proofs of it; and he was not behind-hand in teſtifying his gratitude. The lively Mrs. Stapleton ſaw and enjoyed their mutual happineſs, and by keeping up a ſpirited vein of converſation, afforded them opportunities of ſhewing their attention to each other, and enjoying their own ſituation, without the inſipidity of talking of it.

After they had ſeen every thing worth ſeeing at the Hot-Wells, they propoſed taking a drive up to Clifton, and a turn upon Derdham Down, till dinner was ready: and Sir Charles, that he might endeavour to have told truth to Lord B. ſent a ſervant to inquire out the governor, and to offer to convey him to Bath in the evening; but the governor was not to be found;

found; ſo that the party returned as they came, and probably never did any three people enjoy a happier day.

It was rather late before they reached Bath in the evening, and the ladies being ſet down at Mrs. Stapleton's lodgings, Sir Charles took his leave, and went to look in at the rooms. The firſt perſon he met was the governor, who had arrived at Bath in the morning, having paſſed them unobſerved on the road. After the mutual ſalutations were over, the governor whiſpering, aſked Sir Charles what he had done with Lady Beville. "With whom?" replied Sir Charles. "Lady Beville," ſaid the governor. "Lady Clayton, I ſuppoſe "you mean," ſaid Sir Charles; "ſhe did "not go with us; I left Miſs Clayton with "her friend." "Come, come, Sir Charles," ſaid the governor, "it does not ſignify to "deny it, for it is all over the place that you "and Miſs Clayton ſet out for Briſtol this "morning with a ſpecial licence in your "pocket; and that you are married long be-"fore this time, every body takes for "granted." "Are you in earneſt?" cried Sir Charles. "Perfectly ſo," replied the governor. "Sir Harry Clayton believes it, and "I believe it myſelf too, more particularly, "ſince Lord B. here has been telling me, "that you put him off going with you, upon "pretence

" pretence that you had engaged to bring me " home in your coach; now, you know, I " have never ſeen nor heard a word of you " ſince your return to Bath; neither ſhould I " have known that you was returned, if Cod- " joo had not told me that he met you in the " ſtreet two or three days ago, in a great " hurry."

Sir Charles aſſured him that there was not one word of truth in the report, and begged, that if it was really believed, he would take pains to contradict it. " Nay, for that mat- " ter," ſaid the governor, " I don't think it " is abſolutely believed, becauſe the perſon " who ſet it about ſeldom has the luck to be " much credited." " I cannot imagine who " it could be," ſaid Sir Charles, " unleſs " Sneer is come back to Bath." " The very " man, cried the governor;" he is now at " picquet with a great Nabob here, a Sir " Iſaac Rupee, and is making him loſe all his " money, by talking about Lady Beville: I " never heard a fellow ſwear ſo in my life. " By the way, Charles, if you have any " thoughts of that young lady in earneſt, I " would have you take care of this Sir Iſaac, " for they ſay he will certainly diſpute the " point with you, and he is a deſperate, trou- " bleſome fellow." Sir Charles ſmiled, and taking the governor under the arm, ſtrolled towards

towards the table where Sir Iſaac and Sneer were engaged at picquet, and placed himſelf behind Sneer's chair. Sir Iſaac was within a few points of winning the party, in fear of which, juſt as he was with great attention diſcarding, Sneer began to puzzle him by talking of Lady Beville. Sir Charles with great compoſure wheeled round behind Sir Iſaac's chair, and ſtared Mr. Sneer full in the face, with a look ſo very expreſſive, that had he ſeen a ghoſt, he could not have been more aſtoniſhed. The words froze in his mouth, and his countenance fell in ſuch a manner, that Sir Charles had much difficulty in refraining from laughing: he kept his countenance however, and his ſtation, till the party was finiſhed in favour of Sir Iſaac (the preſence of Sir Charles having had the ſame effect upon Sneer as he intended his idea ſhould have had upon his antagoniſt); he then went up to him with great coolneſs and ſaid, "Mr. Sneer, I am "informed that you have been pleaſed to make "very free with my name to-day, and to "raiſe a report, for which you know there "was not the leaſt foundation; be pleaſed, "Sir, to go up to Sir Harry and Lady Clay-"ton, who are engaged at Lord B.'s table "with a large party at tea, and inform them "that every thing you told them of me

"was

" was a downright falſehood from beginning " to end." Sneer looked fooliſh enough, notwithſtanding he was as much uſed to this kind of treatment as any man upon earth: he attempted partly to deny it, then to laugh it off: in ſhort, he tried by every means to get off: but Sir Charles was ſo ſteady, and ſo very calm, that Sneer thought it ſafeſt to comply, which he did at length with a very bad grace, to the no ſmall diverſion of the company, and the no leſs aſtoniſhment of Sir Iſaac, who firmly believed the report, and was much puzzled in his mind whether to be vexed or pleaſed at diſcovering it to be falſe; for if, on the one hand, it ſhewed him that his miſtreſs was not irrecoverably gone, it taught him, on the other, that Sir Charles was not a man to be trifled with, but was one of thoſe people, who by having acquired a perfect command over themſelves, gain with great eaſe as perfect a one over every one elſe.

Sir Charles's cool behaviour upon this occaſion turned the laugh on the other ſide; and any man, but Sneer, would have thought it adviſeable to have left the place after ſuch a defeat; but as he had the comfort of reflecting that he had done nothing more than acknowledge himſelf to

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be what every body had long thought him, kept his ground.

Sir Harry and Lady Clayton, though they had affected to laugh at the report, were nevertheleſs in their hearts very glad that their daughter was returned from Briſtol in the ſame ſituation in which ſhe went thither, and before they left the rooms Sir Harry gave Lord B. an invitation to dinner the next day, in order to give him an opportunity of making his propoſals in form to the young lady; which he did not doubt but he would be glad to ſeize the firſt favourable minute of doing, now he ſaw how dangerous a rival he had to contend with. It is probable, that Lady Clayton would have invited Sir Iſaac with the ſame view, but, whether he thought Sir Charles looked as if he had ſomething to ſay to him next, or whether he was only tired of picquet, or what was his reaſon, I cannot ſay, but he was gone home. Some cold civilities paſſed between Sir Charles and the Claytons, during which Lord B. contrived to draw poor Sir Harry into a ſcrape, and give Sir Charles his complete revenge on Lady Clayton for the favour ſhe had endeavoured to do him in the morning for coming up to Sir Charles: he aſked him aloud, "Sir Charles, don't you dine

" at Clayton's to-morrow? I do, and we in-
" tend to make a party for the play in the
" evening." Sir Harry's politneſs obliged him to ſay he ſhould always be glad of Sir Charles's company, and Sir Charles did not think proper to refuſe to dine with his miſtreſs, though at the invitation of his rival; and ſo Sir Harry's plan was all diſconcerted, and the company parted for the evening, ſome in good humour, ſome in bad, and ſome in neither one nor the other.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

A Converſation at the Tavern. Another at Sir Harry Clayton's. A Conference begun and ended.

SIR Charles and the governor adjourned to the tavern to ſup by themſelves, that they might be at liberty to talk over all that had paſſed ſince they ſaw each other. Sir Charles informed his uncle of all that he had done, and was doing at the hall; and opened his heart to him with regard to Miſs Clayton. The governor ſhook his head, and ſaid he did not think Sir Harry would conſent to it. "Neither," ſaid he, "do I think the girl herſelf is eaſily to be got; for I have obſerved, that though ſhe has had Lord B. on one ſide of her, and Sir Iſaac on the other, one talking as faſt as he could chatter, and the other as loud as he could bawl, ſhe has minded them no more than if they had whiſtled. She is deviliſhly ſhy, Charles; and I am afraid if their impudence could not make her mind them, your modeſty will never do it." Sir Charles

Charles ſmiled at the governor's obſervation, and told him that young ladies of good underſtandings were not to be moved by chattering or bawling.

"Ecod! then," ſaid the governor, "here "are very few of good underſtandings in this "place, for all the girls that I know, except "Miſs Clayton, ſeem to be pleaſed with no-"thing elſe." "Well, well," ſaid Sir Charles, "if I could but bring her father to "think as well of my pretenſions as he does "of Lord B.'s, I ſhould not much fear ſuc-"ceeding with the young lady herſelf." "Lord B.'s!" cried the governor. "Why "does Sir Harry think that Lord B. intends "to marry his daughter?" "Undoubtedly "he does," replied Sir Charles, "if ſhe will "conſent to have him." "Why then," ſaid "the governor, "undoubtedly—he is a fool. "Why you muſt know my horſes and his "lordſhip's ſtand at the ſame livery-ſtable, "and his groom and Codjoo are hand and "glove: now this groom is an old ſervant, "in great favour with his lordſhip, and it "ſeems is continually praying that his lord "may not marry, becauſe he ſays he is ſo "very good-humoured that he knows a wife "would turn him round her finger, which, "you know, Codjoo, ſays he, is not a good "thing for old ſervants: ſo Codjoo, who

"loves a joke, was teaſing Samſon the other "day, telling him, "Dom yo, yo Samſon, "yore lord go to be marry vid Miſs Clay-"ton, and his vife too ſtrong for yo." "Look ye, Codjoo," ſays Samſon, "I'm ne-"ver afraid my lord ſhould marry a girl a bit "the more for gallopping after her, and talking "to her and all that; my lord muſt have ſome-"body to talk to, and he always chooſes, to "be ſure, that it ſhould be the prettieſt girl in "the place; but if he was to marry them "for that reaſon, he would have been married "five hundred times before ever he ſaw Miſs "Clayton: no, no, Codjoo, take my word "for it, my lord never talks long enough upon "one thing to bring a match about for him-"ſelf; and if his old aunt don't patch up "one for him with ſome four crab or other "with a great fortune, I don't fear any thing "elſe."—"This," continued the governor, "is what Samſon ſaid to Codjoo, and I'll "take Samſon's word for a thouſand." Sir Charles could not help ſmiling at the channel by which the governor received his intelligence, though at the ſame time he could not but acknowledge that there was much plauſibility in Samſon's reaſoning, eſpecially as he ſeemed to be pretty well acquainted with his lord's character: ſo that, all things conſidered, he ſaw great reaſon to hope that Sir Harry might

have gone a little faſter than his lordſhip, and have miſtaken a little harmleſs gallantry for a propoſal of marriage. This is a miſtake which young ladies themſelves are very apt to fall into, by ſuffering their wiſhes to miſlead their judgments: now Sir Harry had as ſtrong wiſhes to lead, and as little judgment to correct them, as any young lady could poſſibly have, ſo that it was no wonder if he ſhould have looked a little farther than his lordſhip ever intended he ſhould; Sir Charles had therefore many chances in his favour, that Lord B. ſo far from making any difficulty of giving up his pretenſions, might, after all, have no pretenſions to give up.—The governor did not ſeem to have the leaſt apprehenſion of Lord B. all he dreaded was the immenſe wealth of Sir Iſaac. "Only think," ſaid he, calling for his great coat, "only think, how far ſacks of gold and "buſhels of diamonds will go with ſuch a vain "fellow as Sir Harry." Sir Charles told him that he was very certain a coronet upon a coach and plate, and a gallery full of anceſtors, would go a great deal farther. "Why then," ſaid the governor, thruſting one arm into the ſleeve of his coat and wrapping his handkerchief round the other as he ſpoke, "why "then—more fool he." And ſo they parted.

The Claytons had not retired in very good humour, and ſome little civil Billingſgate

paſſed from Lady Clayton to her daughter-in-law when they met in the evening. "So, "Miſs—you have had a pleaſant day, I don't "doubt: I vonder vat the age vill come to for "my part, ven young vomen are ſo for-"ward to go any vere with their fellows. "Mr. Sneer might vell ſay you was gone to "be married; for my part, I think it is vel "it is no vorſe." To all which Miſs Clayton, according to her cuſtom upon theſe occaſions, ſaid nothing; but turning to Sir Harry, aſked him whether there had been much company at the rooms.

"Company!" ſaid Sir Harry: "No—Yes—"There was ſome; Lord this, and Lady "that, and Sir Philip t'other, and Lord B. "who, by the way, Harriet, dines here to-"morrow." "Yes," cried Lady Clayton, "and muſt needs take upon him to in-"vite Sir Charles too. I think people of "quality take ſtrange liberties." "Did "Lord B. Madam," ſays Miſs Clayton, "in-"vite Sir Charles Beville to dine here?" "No," ſaid Sir Harry, "not abſolutely ſo, but "he aſked him, in my hearing, if he did not "dine here, which obliged me to ſay I ſhould "be glad to ſee him; and indeed, Harriet, it "diſtreſſed me, and diſconcerted my ſchemes "very much; for I wanted to give Lord B. "an opportunity of entertaining you in pri-

"vate,

"vate, as I am confident he has ſome propo-
"ſals to make you, which I hope you will
"not refuſe." "I dare ſay, Sir," replied Miſs Clayton, "Lord B. can ſay every thing
"he has to ſay to me in public as well as pri-
"vate: for whenever I have been alone with
"him, his converſation has been juſt the ſame
"as at other times; and ſo far from appear-
"ing to have any thing particular to ſay to
"me, his whole diſcourſe runs upon other
"people: except he condeſcends ſometimes
"to — to praiſe the clearneſs of my com-
"plexion, and the whiteneſs of my hands."
"Well, Miſs Clayton," cried Sir Harry,
"and is not that ſomething particular? Is
"not that declaring that he admires you?
"Beſides, I have ſeen him whiſper you in
"public fifty times, which carries a great air
"of particularity. Don't you remember when
"he threw the coffee in Lady Clayton's lap,
"in reaching acroſs her to whiſper you at a
"public breakfaſt at Spring-garden —" ("I'm
"ſure I do," cried Lady Clayton) —"and Sir
"Gregory Fadge whiſpered me, Theſe happy
"lovers, Sir Harry, cannot contain themſelves;
"all the room took notice of it?" "I re-
"member it very well, Sir," replied Miſs Clayton; "and I remember too, that all he
"had to ſay was, that Lady Somebody's

"chintz night-gown was not half ſo elegant "as mine, nor the colours half ſo fine." "Well, Miſs Clayton," returned Sir Harry, "and what could be more polite, more like "a lover, than to admire whatever his miſtreſs "wears? The ancient knights of romance, "Miſs, paid the greateſt attention to the co-"lours of their miſtreſſes, and I think his "lordſhip could not have given you a greater "proof of his love or his politeneſs." "I "never, Sir," replied Miſs Clayton, ſmil-"ing, doubted Lord B.'s politeneſs; but as to "his love, I cannot ſay I have much opi-"nion of that." "Well, well, Miſs," cried Sir Harry, "you may laugh if you "pleaſe, and affect to diſbelieve his attach-"ment to you; but I know he wants nothing "but a favourable opportunity to throw him-"ſelf at your feet, which opportunity I hope "you will give him to-morrow; for, not-"withſtanding Sir Charles being here, I "ſhall take an occaſion to leave you toge-"ther."

Miſs Clayton was pretty well aſſured that there would be no danger in the experiment, ſo very readily promiſed her father to obey him; which ſent him to bed in very good humour. As to Lady Clayton, ſhe had not penetration enough to be of Miſs Clayton's opinion,

nion, and therefore her attachment to Sir Iſaac, and her averſion to Lord B. made her ſomewhat apprehenſive for the event of to-morrow's conference; and in her own mind ſhe determined, if poſſible, to prevent Sir Harry's ſcheme for leaving the young folks together taking place. Upon which account ſhe was now, for once in her life, not ſorry that Sir Charles was to be of the party. But, leſt Sir Harry ſhould contrive by ſome means to draw him out of the room, ſhe thought it adviſeable to ſtrengthen the party, by putting Miſs Clayton upon inviting Mrs. Stapleton, whilſt ſhe herſelf ſent a card to Sir Iſaac Rupee; and ſhe thought with ſo large a reinforcement, it would be impoſſible for her not to defeat Sir Harry, as out of ſo many it would be eaſy to contrive to have always at leaſt one in the room. But he was not aware that there was one perſon as eager for the conference in queſtion as Sir Harry himſelf, and who was determined at all events to bring it to bear; and this was, not Lord B. but Miſs Clayton herſelf, who was ſo thoroughly perſuaded that Lord B. had no propoſals, except what might reſpect going to the play, to make to her, that ſhe longed for nothing more than to give him ſuch an opportunity, as he could not neglect, if he had any thing to ſay, and by that means to convince Sir Harry that he had nothing to

expect from that quarter, which ſhe hoped might prepare the way for a favourable reception of Sir Charles, eſpecially as ſhe knew the utter contempt which her father had, notwithſtanding all his wealth, for ſuch a muſhroom as Sir Iſaac, and how much he would prefer an alliance with Sir Charles, whoſe eſtate, though nothing in compariſon of Sir Iſaac's, was nevertheleſs a good one, and his family unexceptionable.

The next day arrived in due time, and the company were all aſſembled. All in good humour but Sir Iſaac; he thought it beneath him: all intent upon their ſeparate ſchemes, (Sir Charles and Mrs. Stapleton being engaged by Miſs Clayton in her intereſt,) except Sir Iſaac; he had no ſcheme to be intent upon, except it was to ſit next to Miſs Clayton at dinner, in which he ſucceeded, and crowed not a little in his own mind, at ſeeing Sir Charles at the bottom of the table. Dinner paſſed in the uſual way; and when the ladies, according to the horrible cuſtom of this country, retired, and left the gentlemen to port wine and politics, Lady Clayton exulted in the thoughts of having ſucceeded; imagining that the gentlemen would not ſtir till they were ſummoned to coffee, immediately after which it would be neceſſary to go to the play-houſe. But ſhe was deceived; and Sir Harry took his turn

of

of exultation; for ſeeing Miſs Clayton and Mrs. Stapleton in the garden, he took Lord B. into the next room, under pretence of aſking him for two or three franks, as he was in parliament, and whilſt he was writing them, ſlipped into the garden, and going up to his daughter, ſaid, "Harriet, did not you ſay "you wanted ſome franks? Lord B. is now "franking for me in the back-parlour, if you "aſk him now, he will give you them." Miſs Clayton ſmiled on Mrs. Stapleton, and ſaid, "Very well, Sir, I will take the op-"portunity."—"Good Girl!" ſaid Sir Harry, and rubbing his hands, returned to his company. Miſs Clayton deſired her friend to walk till ſhe returned to her, and with a heart though not much diſturbed, yet not thoroughly at eaſe, went into the back-parlour. My Lord B. was ſitting with his back to the door, ſo did not perceive her till ſhe ſaid, "My "lord, I have taken this opportunity to give "you a little farther trouble; will your lord-"ſhip favour me with a couple of franks, "when you have finiſhed my father's?" My lord jumped up from his ſeat, and with a low bow taking her hand, he led her to a chair, and begged to be honoured with her commands. She dictated a couple of directions to him, and when he had finiſhed them was going to take her leave: but my lord, taking

hold of her hands, as it were to detain her in her chair, ſaid, "Pardon me, charming "Miſs Clayton, I have now a favour to aſk "of you, and this is much too favourable an "opportunity for me to neglect."

Miſs Clayton was ready to ſink; ſhe began now to fear that her father was in the right, and that ſhe was caught in her own trap. She heſitated, looked down, trembled; any man but Lord B. muſt have ſeen her confuſion; he ſaw nothing but her petticoat." "*A favour, my "lord!*" "Yes, Madam," ſaid his lordſhip; "have a favour of a particular nature to aſk "of you, which if you are ſo divinely good "as to grant me, will make me the happieſt "mortal upon earth." "*My lord*—I—" "It "might be expected, Madam," continued "his lordſhip, that I ſhould have addreſſed "myſelf to Lady Bell, or Lady Suſan, or "Lady Charlotte; but ſuperior beauty, Madam, "will always claim ſuperior homage from me, "and I hope I may find Miſs Clayton's con-"deſcenſion equal to her beauty." "*My "lord, your lordſhip is*—" "O my dear Ma-"dam, no diſqualifying ſpeeches; you know "you are as much ſuperior in beauty to every "woman in Bath, I may as well ſay in the "world, as the Ducheſs of Point-d'Eſpagne "is in finery: let me hope therefore, my deareſt "Miſs Clayton, that you will get the better

"of

"of your modesty, and make me the envy of "mankind one night next week." Miss Clayton started—"My lord," said she, "I "—I really do not understand you."——"Why, Madam," replied his lordship, "you must know—how enchantingly your "head is dressed to-day, Miss Clayton!—you "must know I have a design—" Miss Clayton began to take breath a little—"I have a de-"sign—by the bye I hear that Sir Isaac Ru-"pee has some thoughts of being beforehand "with me—" Miss Clayton looked queer a-gain—"I have a design to give a pretty ge-"neral ball and supper before I leave Bath—" Miss Clayton's eyes sparkled—"and if you "would but have the condescension to honour me "so far as to preside at it, and favour me with "your hand, I shall think myself the happiest "man in the world; and, though I mean it "to be a pretty general one, Miss Clayton "will, I am sure, make so bewitching a fi-"gure at the head of the table, that she need "not fear the eyes of the whole world, if "they could be upon her at once." Miss Clayton could hardly help laughing; she however recovered herself, and returned his lordship thanks for the honour he did her, begged he would transfer it to some lady who would do more credit to his entertainment, and at length with some difficulty accepted it, and

returned to her companion in the greateſt harmony of ſpirits imaginable. My lord alſo returned in high good-humour to his company; and meeting Sir Harry in the paſſage, he ſqueezed his hand, told him his daughter was an angel, and had made him the happieſt of mankind. Sir Harry concluded the buſineſs was done, and was almoſt mad with joy. And thus ended this important conference, to the preſent ſatisfaction of all parties. The gentlemen were ſoon after ſummoned to coffee, and the company ſoon after adjourned to the play.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

An Eclairciſſement. A Letter.

SIR Harry was ſo thoroughly convinced that Lord B. had made propoſals of marriage to his daughter, and that ſhe, like a dutiful daughter and a prudent young woman, preferring a ſuperior title with a coronet to an inferior one without it, had given him ſuch encouragement as was conſiſtent with her diſcretion; that he looked upon his lordſhip as his ſon-in-law, from the very inſtant of the ſqueeze by the hand which he gave him in the paſſage; and, accordingly, during the play, he was frequently giving hints, and making alluſions, which would have puzzled any man but Lord B. to comprehend; they never puzzled him, for he never endeavoured to comprehend them; the whole buſineſs of his life was not to hear or underſtand, but to talk; therefore when any one had done ſpeaking to him, his conſideration was not whether he underſtood what had been ſaid, but that now he had an opportunity of ſpeaking himſelf. Sir Harry therefore continued to ſtrengthen himſelf in his error all the evening; and Miſs Clayton

Clayton ſaw his extreme happineſs ſo plainly, that it really gave her great pain to undeceive him. They were however ſcarce ſeated in the parlour, after they got home, before Sir Harry, eager to have every circumſtance explained to him, began to inquire into what had paſſed in the other room; and then, O then he found, to his infinite confuſion, that he was not born to be the father of a counteſs. Not that he entirely gave up all hopes: drowning men will catch at ſtraws, and loſers never deſpair retrieving all by the laſt ſtake. Sir Harry therefore flattered himſelf, that Lord B.'s modeſty and diffidence had got the better of his inclination this bout; but that at the ball, the important ball, he would be ſo delighted, ſo encouraged, ſo tranſported, that he would throw himſelf at her feet, and requeſt the honour of her hand for a much longer period. "For I am ſure, Harriet," ſaid he, "he loves you, becauſe I know where he "has ſaid ſo more than once." Which indeed was very true, but, alas! neither lords nor commons always ſpeak truth in theſe matters. Not but that, to ſay the truth, his lordſhip's conduct had been a little problematical; for he had endeavoured, in his way, to perſuade the young lady that he was dying for her; he had quite perſuaded the world ſo; and one would have thought, by his conſtant attendance

attendance upon her, and his affecting to call Sir Iſaac Rupee his rival, that he had well nigh perſuaded himſelf ſo. But, whether it was that his paſſion began to abate, or his mind to change, or that he did not like the looks of Sir Charles Beville; whether it was any, or all, or none of theſe things which effected it, I cannot pretend to ſay, but certain it was, that, at this preſent writing, nothing could be farther from his thoughts than marrying Miſs Clayton. Sir Harry, however, could not be perſuaded to think ſo; and therefore we muſt leave him to wait a proper time for his conviction, and return a little to Sir Charles Beville, who, at his return to his lodgings, found the following letter from Mr. Norris upon his table.

My dear Sir Charles,

YOUR letter found me amongſt bricks, mortar, timber, hods, wheelbarrows, and labourers, and upon the ſtump of an old tree I ſat down to read it. So you are not to be married next week! Well, experience is a fine thing. If I had told you ſo before you left Northamptonſhire, you would not have believed me; now you are able to tell me ſo.---What a brace of rivals have you deſcribed to me!---My grandfather was what you call a deviliſh

deviliſh ſhrewd fellow, and one of his favourite maxims (he had a long ſtring of them upon a thouſand ſubjects, full of quaint thoughts, with paradoxical appearances) was, *Never ſpeak but when you have ſomething to ſay.* O, if Lord B. had but had ſuch a grandfather! but probably, if he had, he would but have done by him as I did by mine, laughed at him; for which my heart has often ſmitten me ſince, for truly I learned many good things from him, which I ſhall never forget. Whenever I meet with ſuch a chap as Lord B. which with tolerable luck one may do every day in the week, I always think of my grandfather's maxim above mentioned. It is owing to a neglect of it, that ſo many people are driven to obſerve that it is hot, or cold, or wet, or dry, and to aſk ſuch thin, unmeaning queſtions, "Well, how d'ye do now? Have you "heard any news? Did you ride out to-day?" or elſe fall a wondering what o'clock it is, or if it will rain, or whoſe coach it was they met, and ſo on; as if holding one's tongue was the moſt impertinent thing in nature. "But," ſay they, "a ſilent man appears ſo "ſtupid." He may, for any thing I know; but ſurely a man who talks in this faſhion, not only appears, but takes great pains to convince you that he is ſo. If nobody was ſuffered to ſpeak till he had ſomething to ſay,

what

what pains every body would take to know ſomething! but, in the preſent ſtate of things, they who know how to ſpeak, are the only people who know how to hold their tongues. I wiſh I could write ſhort-hand; what a collection of diſcourſes, dialogues, and trialogues, I would take down, for you to lay before the houſe as ſoon as you get into parliament, in order to bring in a bill for the better preſervation of the common-ſenſe of the nation. Surely, ſurely nothing upon earth can be ſo mortifying, ſo *fade*, ſo *ennuieux* to a man of rational common-ſenſe, I go no higher, than to ſuffer day after day the converſation which (ſatire apart) he is forced to meet with in public life! O how happy, if he could do what Rouſſeau's St. Preux ſays he did at Paris. *Chaque jour*, ſays he, *en ſortant de chez moi j'enferme mes ſentimens ſous la clef, pour en prendre d'autres qui ſe prêtent aux frivoles objets qui m'attendent.*——" Mere affec-
" tation and pedantry." Says a man of the world, " If a man can bear no converſation
" but what is in print, let him go out of the
" world." So he would, if the world would let him; but it will not. Why now for inſtance, here came Borroughs and his friend yeſterday, called me down from ten times better company in calve's-ſkin, and, by way of civi-

civility, made me throw away a whole morning upon hearing what they had for dinner at Lord Timon's; that his liquors were excellent, and all in ice, only his port was not ſo good as the reſt (with a ſly obſervation that that is always the caſe in great houſes); and who was there, and that Lady Somebody had a plate of ſoup thrown over her petticoat; and that it is a pity ſo great a man has not better roads about his houſe; that Stone-quarry lane has been indited ſeſſions after ſeſſions, but that it will never be mended till they indite it at the aſſizes; that Lord Overſhot is got into a new breed of ſpaniels, which are better for our ſtiff covers than the large ones he had before; and then comes a diſpute, with, "Sir, I doubt that—Lord bleſs you, why "your large ſpaniel is your only dog for a "thick cover, the little breed are buried, "loſt." "O, Sir, pardon me—I have tried "both." And, "O, Sir, you muſt excuſe "me, I am ſure Sir Timothy Thicket never "hunted above fourteen inches, and——" What could I ſay all this time? I could not tell them that I did not care ſixpence for dinners nor ſpaniels, or that I knew nothing about either; ſo I ſat and ſaid nothing; they talked till they were tired, and then took their leaves; thought me, I dare ſay, a very

ſtupid

ſtupid fellow, but hoped we ſhould be good neighbours. Now this is worſhipful ſociety. "That is in the country," ſays a man of faſhion; "but in town—"? O, yes, in town—there, there you have to be ſure—what?—troth, never a barrel the better herring, only the jargon runs in another channel. The news of the day, which is commonly a lie, and that lie a ſtupid one: ſomebody in, ſomebody out, a new chariot, a new play, a hand at quadrille deſcribed to a pip; "Beaſted "alone, Madam, with four mattadores, ſix "trump, the queen of hearts, double guard-"ed, and a ſmall diamond;" or ſome ſuch unintereſting matter of fact.—I hate a matter of fact; it produces nothing but hum! ha! wonderful! you don't ſay ſo! or ſome ſuch affair, and then ſeek out for another. And this folks call converſation.

How happy am I, who am above an hundred miles from the Sir Iſaac you talk of. That is a character that I can ſupport the leaſt of any in nature. A fellow whoſe knowledge is bounded by the multiplication table; who thinks nothing reſpectable but money, nor contemptible but poverty. Tell him of a man of liberality, taſte, ſentiment, generoſity, ingenuity, and every amiable qualification, he ſhakes his head, curls his noſe, and ſays he has no turn for *buſineſs*.

If poor Sir George was alive, he would ſay, "Now I know that fellow "hates muſic, and would think his ſon "ruined if he had a taſte for poetry."— By the way, I have often turned that notion of his in my mind, and am more and more become a convert to it; that is to ſay, I am convinced that though a taſte for the fine arts may not always be a mark of a great mind, yet a contempt for them always indicates the contrary.

When a man tells me he don't enjoy poetry, or that muſic has no effect upon him; he acknowledges a defect, and I am ſorry for him: but I have no more quarrel with him, than I ſhould have had, if he had told me he did not love cheeſe: but when he comes to affect to deſpiſe what he cannot comprehend, to ſpeak of poetry as an amuſement for children, and to call every man who underſtands and enjoys muſic a fidler; then I ſet him down for a man of a narrow way of thinking, and, according to Rouſſeau's notion, cannot help being of opinion, that as he has ſo little taſte for *le beau*, he cannot have much more for *le bon*, as they ſeem to have

have *une ſource commune dans la nature bien ordonnée.*

And now I ſuppoſe you expect I ſhould give you ſome account of your affairs in this part of the world, and ſo I would if I knew where to begin; but though matters go on as ſmoothly and as expeditiouſly as they can do, at leaſt ſo I am informed by the workmen, every thing at preſent is litter and dirt, and rubbiſh and confuſion; out of which however they ſay order ariſeth, ſo that by the time I write next, it may be that things will wear another face: in hopes of which I will ſay nothing of them at preſent.

I beg leave to ſend my moſt ſincere reſpects to Miſs Clayton; tell her I ſeize this opportunity of doing it whilſt ſhe is Miſs Clayton, becauſe now ſhe may believe that I love and honour her for her own ſake; by-and-by ſhe may imagine it is for yours.

Adieu, my dear Sir Charles: let me know all your motions, as they are of much greater conſequence to me than my own. I had very near forgot to tell you that I have had a charming letter from Jere Barker. I have at length prevailed on

the

the old gentleman to make up matters, for which he now thinks himſelf as much obliged as his ſon.

Adieu.

Ever yours,

T. NORRIS.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

A ſhort Chapter, containing ſome long Journeys.

MATTERS went on much in their uſual way, without any material occurrence taking place for ſome days; during which time Lord B. was making preparations with great anxiety for his ball, which was fixed for one day in the following week. Miſs Clayton would have been very glad to have been excuſed from accepting the honour he had offered her, both on her own account and Sir Charles's: but Sir Harry was ſo thoroughly convinced that every thing depended upon the event of that evening, that ſhe had not the leaſt chance of eſcaping, and ſhe was therefore forced to ſubmit. But as her connection with Sir Charles was become pretty well known, ſhe imagined that nothing could add more to the aukwardneſs of her ſituation that evening than his being preſent. She hinted this to Sir Charles, and he ſeemed to make light of it; but upon Mrs. Stapleton's declaring that ſhe thought impertinent people would be making remarks which might diſtreſs

Miſs Clayton, Sir Charles determined to take a little journey a day or two before, and not return till a day or two after the ball was over. Accordingly, when Lord B. gave him an invitation, he pleaded buſineſs, which obliged him to be abſent from Bath juſt at that time; and he actually ſet out for Briſtol the morning before, to the great mortification of ſeveral people, who longed to ſee how he would brook Lord B.'s partiality to his miſtreſs, and to the unſpeakable joy of Sir Harry, who thought that now every obſtacle was removed which might prevent his lordſhip's declaration; for, either by accident or deſign, Sir Iſaac Rupee was almoſt the only perſon there who was not invited.

At length the important evening came, and Lord B. ſhewed away in all his glory. The entertainment was magnificent, and the entertainer was indefatigable in doing the honours of it: he was here, he was there, he was never ſtill, never ſilent, and made ſo many ſpeeches to every body, that Miſs Clayton had no reaſon to complain of his particularity to her; nor had Sir Harry much reaſon to rejoice at it; for, to ſay the truth, he was ſo much employed, that, except when he was dancing, he was hardly ever near her for a minute together the whole evening; ſo that when the company broke up, poor Sir Harry,

who

who had carefully watched his motions, could not flatter himſelf that his daughter was a bit nearer being a counteſs than when they met. His mortification was inexpreſſible, and not a little aggravated by the triumph which Lady Clayton could not help ſhewing upon the occaſion; though ſhe endeavoured to lay ſome reſtraint upon herſelf, for fear of irritating Sir Harry too much, as ſhe foreſaw that ſhe ſhould have a difficult point to try between Sir Iſaac and Sir Charles, and ſhould have occaſion for all her intereſt with him, in order to prevent his cloſing immediately with Sir Charles's propoſals; who, in reſpect of family, the main point as ſhe well knew with Sir Harry, had now greatly the advantage of any of Miſs Clayton's humble ſervants. This time, however, fortune ſeems to have declared in her favour; for Sir Harry took it into his head, that had it not been for Sir Charles Beville's pretenſions, Lord B. would certainly have purſued the point which he was convinced he had in view before Sir Charles arrived: and this idea gave him ſuch an averſion to Sir Charles, that he determined, in the heat of his reſentment, never to give his conſent to his marrying his daughter.

Lady Clayton had cunning enough to encourage Sir Harry in this notion, and before Sir Charles returned from his excurſion, a

ſcheme was propoſed, agreed to, and put into execution, which was not ſo much as thought of when he ſet out. This was no other than the removal of the whole Clayton family from Bath to their houſe in Suffolk; where Lady Clayton had given Sir Iſaac Rupee an invitation to paſs his Chriſtmas, and where ſhe had very good hopes of putting an end to Sir Charles's views for ever. Poor Miſs Clayton was more hurt at being obliged to leave Bath without ſeeing Sir Charles, than ſhe cared to acknowledge even to her friend; eſpecially as it was owing to her own contrivance: but Sir Harry was ſo exaſperated, that it was in vain to beg even a day's reſpite; and when Sir Charles arrived at his lodgings, they had been gone ſome hours.—He had not been long arrived before he received a card from Mrs. Stapleton, deſiring to ſee him: he went immediately, not without ſome hopes of meeting Miſs Clayton there; and his placidneſs was put to a ſevere trial, when he was informed by Mrs. Stapleton, as well as from a letter which ſhe delivered him from her friend, of what had paſſed in his abſence. Mrs. Stapleton comforted him with the aſſurances which Miſs Clayton had given her, that ſhe never would conſent to marry any other perſon; and having read over her letter, which contained many things not uncomfortable, about half a ſcore times, he began to

conſider

conſider what he ſhould do. He had no farther buſineſs at Bath, and therefore determined to go to town immediately; and as Mrs. Stapleton had received an invitation from Miſs Clayton to come to her in Suffolk, which ſhe intended to accept of, he hoped, by her means at leaſt, to be informed of the enemy's motions, according to which he might regulate his own. Having therefore diſpatched a ſervant to town to prepare for his arrival, and ſpent the next day in neceſſary preparations for himſelf, he took leave of the governor, and of Mrs. Stapleton, and ſet out for London, in a ſtate of mind not ſo calm as he uſually enjoyed.

END *of the* THIRD BOOK; *and the* FIRST VOLUME.